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THE
MISSION OF LOVE;
LOST;

AND OTHER POEMS,

WITH

SONGS AND VALENTINES.

BY

CARIS SIMA.

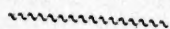
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MISSION OF LOVE
LOST
AND OTHER POEMS

ENTERED according to Act of the Par-
liament of Canada, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and
eighty-two, by HUNTER, ROSE &
Co., in the office of the Minister
of Agriculture.

THE gems of prose from Wisdom's pen,
Though fadeless! Though sublime!
Will never haunt the memory
Like passion breathed in rhyme.

INTRODUCTION.



DEAR reader! whether old or young,
It matters not I ween;
Or grave, or gay, or dark, or fair,
Or all the shades between,
Thou'lt find some lines to fit thy case
Within this volume's narrow space.

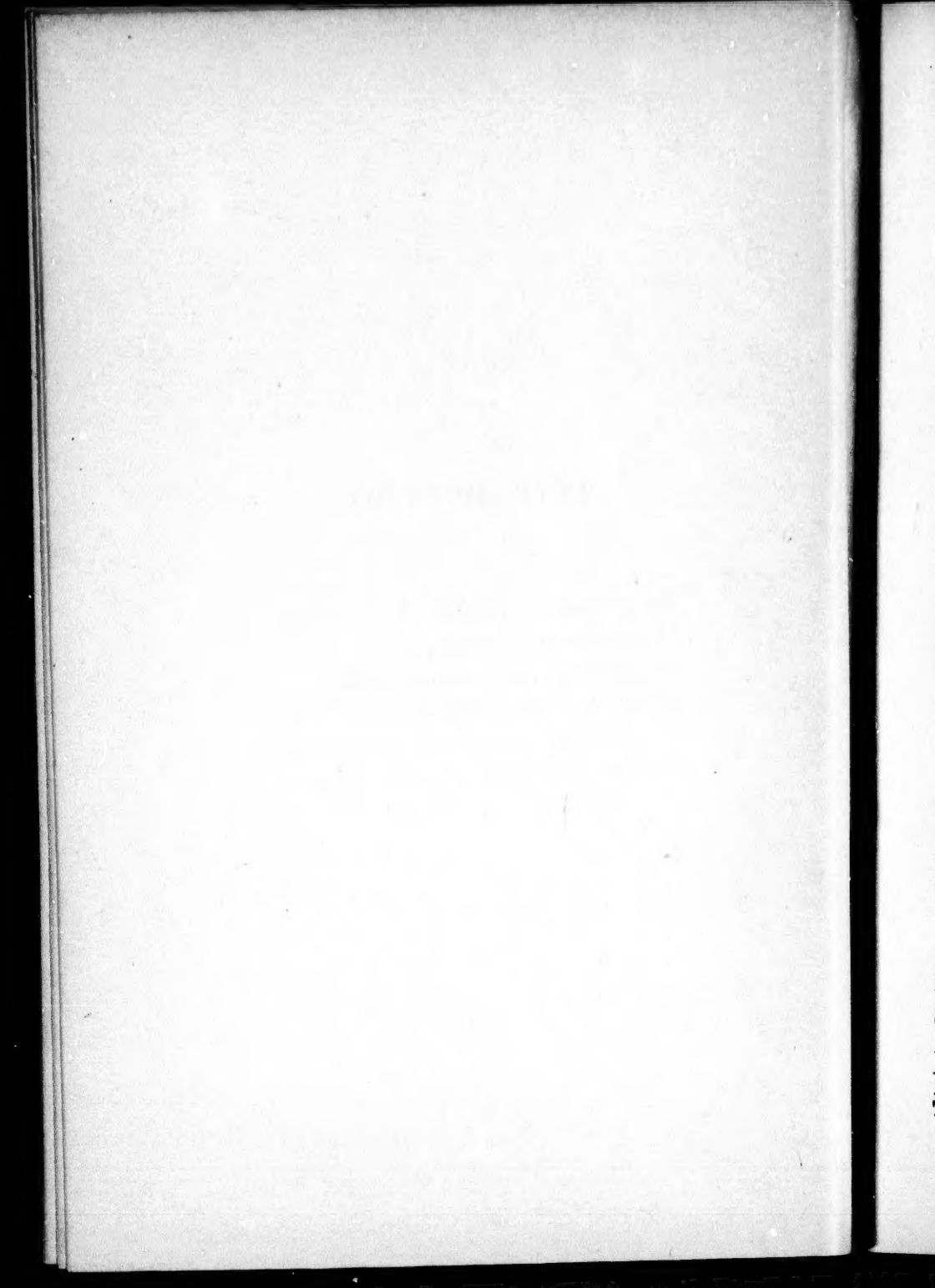


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Part the First.



THE SETTLER'S WIFE.



NOT yet! not yet! he cometh!
And I have waited long;
I've trimmed the fire to brighter glow,
I've sung his favourite song;
I've spread the board to wile the time;
And yet it is so long.

Not yet! not yet! he cometh!
I listen at the gate;
I hear no sound of horse's feet,
And it is late—so late—
Hark to the chiming of the clock
That tells me it is eight.

Not yet! not yet!—why lingers
My loved one far from me?
The night is coming on apace;
No longer can I see
The bridge that spans the river o'er,
Nor yet the cedar tree.

Not yet! not yet! he cometh!
And night and storm I fear;
The wailing wind sweeps wildly by,
The thunder is more near;
The rain falls down with dreary plash—
Oh,—would that he were here!

Not yet ! not yet !—more dreary
And dark the evening grows ;
The pine trees sway with dismal sound ;
The turbid river flows
With fiercer, wilder, madder roar—
To magnify my woes.

Not yet ! not yet ! he cometh !
The angry lightnings flash,
The thunder deafens with its roar—
Ah,—yonder goes the ash—
Rent from the root to topmost bough,
It falleth with a crash.

Not yet ! not yet ! he cometh !
Hark, did I hear a moan ?
Again the tempest louder roars,
'Twas like a human tone—
Ah !—Do I hear his step at last ?
My Willie !—Oh mine own !

Oh joy ! oh joy !—he cometh !
The fire-light blazeth bright ;
The kettle sings upon the hearth,
While blacker grows the night ;
The tempest loud and louder roars,
But all within is light.



THE MISSION OF LOVE.

I.

THE purest emotion, whose power hath sway
O'er the heart, as we journey on life's upward way,
And that makes us akin to the angels above,
Is the deep, the undying, the God-given love,—
That bubbles, and wells from the deep depths unseen
Of our being—and tells where God's finger hath been.

True love, is the sweetest, the purest emotion,
That is sown in the heart; in its summer day prime
It surges and swells as the waves of the ocean;
As the ocean remaineth untroubled by time.
It is strong, and as deep as its rock-girded bed,
With its gems, and its gold, and its sea-flowers o'er spread;
From the deep depths of woe it hath power to save;
And like, as the sea-flower entwines with the wave;
So twineth it deep round the heart's inmost core,
And it lives, and it breathes in the soul evermore.

Such love filled the hearts of a maiden, and youth;
Each fostered, and nurtured, on honour, and truth;
The tale of whose lives, forms the theme of my strain;
Young Alwyn O'Meara, and Miriam Vane.

'Twas an evening in June; and the sun sinking fast
On the western horizon a radiance cast;
Lit the landscape afar with a soft mellow glow;
And laughed on the face of the river below:
While blushed the frail leaves, and their roseate beam
Was mirror'd again in the tremulous stream.
Soft warbled the song-bird his evening hymn;
Like flame gleamed the squirrel that hung from the limb;
His bright eyes intent on the forms he espied
Below, on a rock overhanging the tide.

The wind with hushed murmurs breathed low, as it
played
With the dark tangled locks of a beautiful maid ;
Her gaze downward bent to the shimmering flood ;
While burned to her forehead the eloquent blood,
As she listened again, to the tale that was told
When the new-moon first shone : now the moon had
grown old,
And repeated again, every eve, since that hour ;
And yet, by repeating, lost none of its power
To call up the carmine to cheek and to brow,
Where it shamed the rich tint of the sunset's bright
glow.

"My Miriam, hear me!" in voice low and sweet
Spoke the youth, who reclined on the moss at her feet,
"Thou know'st how I love thee! Nay, look not away!
I have lingered, yet longer I dare not delay
To tell thee the eve of our parting draws near—
Nay Miriam, love! Why that quick rising tear?
Canst not spare me, my darling, for one little year?"

As lightly he spoke, a slow pallor o'erspread
Her cheek, where so brilliantly glowed the deep red
That made her dark beauty so 'wonderingly bright,
She beamed on the eye like a vision of light.
All blanched was that beauty, and something of dread
Looked out of her eyes, ere she bent her proud head ;
And clenched her small hands in the effort to stay
The tremor—that over her being held sway.

"I go to prepare me a home for my love ;
Nay, tremble not thus, like a wild frightened dove ;
Let these arms be thy rest, for the hour draweth near ;
Nay, shrink not, be brave, for e'en now it is here ;
This night I must leave thee, he brooks no delay
Who would further my footsteps on life's upward way."

"'Tis ambition that lures thee away from my side!"
In numbed tones of anguish, reproachful she cried;
In her mind were such varied emotions at strife,
Again to her brow surged the red tide of life—
"Ambition! a meteor, 'twill lure thee, on, on;
Till thy youth, and thy strength, and thy beauty are gone;
And I, in thy absence,—look Alwyn! that cloud,
That enfoldeth the sun, as a funeral shroud,
I take as an omen of that which will be—
When rolleth between us the merciless sea;
To this place of our meeting we'll come not again,
For the grave will have closed over Miriam Vane."
Her saddened dark eyes had a far away look
Of prophetic intentness; the red blood forsook
Her cheek, and her slight form yet lower inclined,
Like a fair drooping flow'et when bent by the wind.

"My Miriam listen! 'Tis but for a space!
But one little year, when my steps I retrace
To this hallowèd spot, where I hope to regain
The life-long possession of Miriam Vane.
Away with thy omens, thy doubts and thy fears;
I prophesy happiness all the long years
That shall follow when I am again by thy side,
And thou reign'st in this heart, the O'Meara's sweet bride."

His light laughing words fell on ears that were dead
To aught, but the horrible, horrible dread;
The sick'ning foreboding that pressed on her brain
That she'd never see Alwyn O'Meara again.
And she (who seemed clad in the garments of pride
In the days he had lingered so close by her side)
Never uttered a word her fond love to express;
Whose timidity rarely would brook a caress;
Flung her arms round his neck, while a low bitter cry
Escaped from her lips, though no tear dimmed her eye;
Laid her pale cheek to his, and caressed his dark hair
In a passion of tenderness, love, and despair;

Cried in accents that thrilled to his being's deep core ;
" Oh, Alwyn ! my love ! must I see thee no more ?
Never more will we sit in the sunset's bright glow
And list' to the sound of the river below ;
Hear the evening hymn of the song-birds above,
Or the sighing of trees as they whisper their love.
Never hear thee again in that fond pleading voice
Utter words, whose affection my being rejoice,
And listen, while nature's sweet symphonies roll,
And mingle and thrill with this love of the soul ;
I feel with prophetic and dull leaden pain
Thou wilt go—and I never will see thee again."

" Hush, Miriam ! hush ! these forebodings why name ?
Thou wilt have me in tears that my manhood would shame,
Thou art dearer to me than aught else under heaven ;
Yet thou knowest, sweet-heart, that my promise is given
(To one who befriended my boyhood's first hours
And knows not the gloom on thy spirit that lovers),
To remain but a year, ere I make thee my wife,
And thou knowest that honour is dearer than life."

" Forgive me, my Alwyn ! 'tis nothing ! 'tis past !
'Tis a thing of the moment—too foolish to last :
Dost see, I am smiling ? Nay, love, do not fear ;
'Tis but as thou sayest for one little year :—
Hold me close to thy heart for a moment ; oh, when !
Oh, when shall I meet thee, my darling, again."
Unuttered these words, lest again she distress
Her lover, who giving one last fond caress,
Fled away on his path with the speed of the wind,
Leaving all that he cherished most dearly behind,
And knew not she lay 'neath the sky's blue expanse
And the pitying stars, in a cold death-like trance,
When attendants who sought bore her senseless away ;
And lovingly watched her, by night and by day ;
But the dawning of consciousness beamed not again
In the dark limpid eyes of sweet Miriam Vane,

II.

Why burn they still at the dead of night,
Lights,—from that chamber window bright;
Casting a weird and ghostly gleam
On the trees and flowers; and the rippling stream
Whose murmurs are borne on the night wind's breath
To the ear, that ere morn will be closed in death.

On a spotless couch lay a maiden fair,
Pale as the lily that bends in the stream;
Soft on the pillow her rich brown hair
Falleth in ripples whose burnished gleam
Glitters like gold—in the lamplight's beam;
Faint, and still fainter, the wavering breath,
Telleth the ceasing of war with death.

Silence—save the stifled sigh
From the mourner bending low;
Rose and fell her laden breast
With the weeks' unuttered woe.
Weary days and nights of pain;
Weeks of watching—all in vain;
Vain the tears, the prayers to heaven;
God recalled what He had given.

Pallid, and still—lay the form of earth;
Stilled is the heart, and the weary brain;
Then rises in spirit—a heavenly birth—
The glorified image of Miriam Vane,
Mutely she stands by the couch where lay;
Her earthly semblance—her cold dead clay.

With large and solemn eyes, intent
Upon that silent form,
That seemed too fair and beautiful,
Of life—to bear the storm.

And spoke she thus, as thus she stood
Beside that form of earth ;
" I love thee still,—for thou did'st give
My spirit-life its birth ;
So long hast thou been one with me
This parting rends me sore ;
For his sweet sake—I love thee still ;
His sake, who loved thee more
Than all he valued upon earth
My kindred soul ! mine own !
Oh ! when shall we two meet, and bow
Before the great white throne ?
Farewell—I may not see thee more—
I break this trancing spell ;
Away ye mem'ries of the past !
My earthly form farewell——"

Then as awakening from a dream
She gazes on the glorious beam
Of light that on her vision burst
When she, beholding Him ; the " First "
And " Last " before her, kingly stand,
And when He took her trembling hand
She bow'd her head in homage mute :
While swelled the strains of harp and lute.

A heavenly choir rejoicingly sings
And trembles the air with the throbbing of wings
Encircled by angels from regions above,
Sweet Miriam stands in the presence of Love ;
And receives the commands—that 'tis joy to obey,
For the light of His presence still guideth the way ;
Aye, brighter by far since her pure spirit's birth,
Than the light that had guided her footsteps on earth ;
And the love that had beckoned her into the light,
That lured through the darkness her footsteps aright,

Gained thousand-fold strength as she bent at His word,
 Redeemer, and Saviour, her King and her Lord.
 And the words that He uttered fell soft on her ears,
 While rained from her lashes the fast-falling tears
 Like diamonds of dew dropping crystal and bright,
 In streams, o'er her glittering raiment of white.

"Rise Miriam! rise!" spake a voice low and sweet,
 To the spirit—that lowly knelt at His feet:
 "Thou hast fought the good fight—through thy faith
 did'st thou win;
 With the lambs I have folded—now enter thou in;
 Let thy tones with the angels make rapturous accord;
 Arise!—and rejoice in the joy of thy Lord—"
 With ineffable love-bending o'er her He stood,
 And wiped from her eye-lids the crystalline flood:
 "Weary soul—rest thee here, free from sorrow and pain;
 Then—if for my sake thou would'st labour again;
 In this realm of the blessed—thy portion shall be
 To seek all thou lovest, and bring them to Me."
 As these words passed His lips a bright radiance spread
 O'er her form, and a glory encircled her head;
 Then mingling her voice with the seraphim throng,
 The heavens re-echo the jubilant song;
 To the farthest of spheres rolled again, and again—
 The "Glory to God! hallelujah! a-men."

And the lowly mourner bending there;
 Feels the thrill of life in the laden air;
 And reaches her hands, while her straining eyes
 Seek vainly a glimpse into Paradise.
 Waileth her voice in accents wild;
 "Oh God have mercy! my child! my child!"
 Then there breathes in her ear in murmurs low,
 (Mingled with sound of the river's flow;
 Whispers to deaden the aching pain;
 "Comfort thee mother!—we meet again."

III.

'Tis midnight!—and worn by the toils of the day,
His form half-disclosed by the moonlight's pale ray
That shone with a ghostly and shimmering beam,
Lay Alwyn O'Meara—in feverish dream.
Again by the river in fancy he stood
On a rock overhanging the flame-tinted flood;
And there, with her eyes filled with dull, dreary pain,
By his side stood his darling, his Miriam Vane;
Wild bounded his heart as he sprang to embrace
That form—so bewildering in beauty and grace;
In vain! in a moment the swift-flowing tide
Swept between, and she stood on the opposite side;
Her white arm extended still beckoned him o'er;
But farther and farther retreated the shore;
And farther and farther withdrew from his sight,
Till her form was dissolved in a halo of light.
He awoke, and the moon looking in through the pane
Dispelled the sweet vision of Miriam Vane;
Yet so vivid his dream, and his fancy so bright,
That sleep fled his eyelids that sorrowful night,
Though he knew not 'twas then that his darling passed
o'er

The dark tide of death—to the opposite shore.
Yet there, as he lay in the moonlight's pale beam,
In fancy he stood by the rippling stream;
He heard the soft murmur, he saw the red glow
Of the sun, as he smiled on the wavelets below;
Kissed the leaves of the trees, and begemmed the dark
hair

Of his love, as she bent with that look of despair,
And her accents still, sank to his heart's inmost core—
“Oh, Alwyn! my love! must I see thee no more.”
Then sudden there came to his senses a gleam
Of light—to interpret his fanciful dream;

He sprang from his couch with a horrible dread,
"Oh, God!—can it be—that my darling is dead!
No! no! it were madness to foster such thought!
What, to me, were wealth—beauty—affection—if aught
Should hap' to my darling of sorrow, or pain;
Could I live through a life—without Miriam Vane?
She is well! I shall find her once more by the river,
And we part not again—not forever—and ever."
He went o'er the scene of that parting again,
Till each incident seemed as though burned in his brain.
He toyed with the locks "her fair forehead that deck;"
Felt the clasp of the arms that encircled his neck:
And the cold, trembling lip, that was pressed to his own,
While rang in his ears—the sad, sorrowful tone,
All night still repeating the words o'er and o'er;
"Oh Alwyn! my love! must I see thee no more?"

Weeks passed; and a missive came over the main,
Black edged; and it told that sweet Miriam Vane
Had gone to her home on the opposite shore;
And Alwin O'Meara would see her no more.

IV.

From height to height, and from shore to shore,
A spirit wandered the wide world o'er.
In the ways of life she glided by;
Her form unseen by the mortal eye;
But she breathed a spell in the air as she passed,
As scintillant light from a radiance cast;
And there beamed and shone from her soft dark eyes
A light,—only kindled in Paradise;
A light shed down from the throne above,
The glorified light of a perfect love.
And as she moved 'midst the hurrying throng
Of the cities of earth; as she passed along

It beamed on the hearts of the restless crowd,
As a flame tint lighteth a fleeting cloud.
The beggar who stood at the crossing knew,
And bowed to the influence, pure, and true,
That opened the heart, when wealth passed by
With a lowly mien, and a saddened eye,
As he scan'd the mendicant o'er, and o'er,
Then flung a coin from his boundless store.

To the homes of penury, vice, and sin,
The glorified spirit glided in.
In her tender presence the numbness fled;
And she breathed new life into hearts long dead.
She comes as a beam of a better fate
To the home of the wretched inebriate:
The glass is raised to the quivering lip
That weakly yearns for the guilty sip—
It falls,—for a radiant hand unseen
Has passed, the glass and the lip between;
It is gone—the fiend of temptation sore,
Where lieth the crystal upon the floor;
And murmurs a soft voice in his ear—
“Oh thou—who art to thy God so dear,
Why grieve the spirit of Him who stood
On Calvary's mountain—and shed His blood
For thee—that thou mightest pass safely o'er
The river of death—to the farther shore?”

Alone,—in his study; alone—at night,
Bends a man, and his face is a deadly white.
The key is turned in the oaken door;
His books and papers bestrew the floor;
Slow heaves his breast with a deep drawn sigh;
A dull light gleams in his haggard eye;
His face is locked in a still despair;
’Tis ruin,—ruin,—everywhere.

He reaches his hand, and the weapon near
Is raised aloft—when lo! in his ear
A voice—whose tones are with horror rife :
“Rash man! would'st thou forfeit thy crown of life?”
The weapon falls—while he stands aghast ;
The foul temptation to sin is past ;
He sinks on his knees, and a voiceless prayer
Is borne aloft on the still night air ;
While there whispers a voice that is soft, and low :
“To all that have trusted thee, mortal, go.
Yield all thou hast, and thou canst no more,
And thou'lt find thy home on the farther shore.”

'Neath the lamp-light's beam stands a fair frail form
That heeds not the rush of the driving storm ;
The fallen, the forsaken,—a pitiful sight ;
Her garments dank with the dews of night.
Worn, and weary, and faint she stood
While the night wind chilled her curdling blood,
Degraded, and lost ; in this world of sin
Will none have mercy and take her in ?
They would give her bread in yon glittering hall,
But her being shrinks from a farther fall ;
A voice in her ear whispers o'er, and o'er,
“Give up this struggle, and sin no more ;”
And the frail one answers in tone of dread,
“I have no home, and I have no bread.”
Again that voice in her 'wildered ear,
“Poor child! thou art to thy Saviour dear!
Oh turn from infamy's path aside!
For thee—He suffered, for thee—He died :
Heed the words I speak, and this truth receive ;
There is nothing that tells thee—that thou *must* live,
Bear the hunger pang, though it rend thee sore ;
And thou'lt go, where thou'lt hunger and thirst no more.”
With a pitying look in her pure sweet face,
The spirit vanished in realms of space ;

And the frail one returned to her garret bed ;
Where the dawn of the morning found her dead.

From cottage to cottage ; from hall to hall ;
To high and low ; to great and small ;
The spirit carried a message of love
To the world below, from the world above ;
But the saddened look never left her eyes,
Though bathed in the glory of Paradise.
She knew no rest in the heavenly goal
Without her other,—her kindred soul :
And she sent a prayer to the “ great white throne ;”
“ Oh Father ! give me my loved,—mine own !”

V.

In a hall—all resplendent with beauty ; and bright
With the radiance of many a soft mellow light
Stood Alwyn O'Meara ; and close by his side,
A lady ; whose charms with the loveliest vied.
In her face was a beauty the soul might entrance,
And she looked in his eyes with bewildering glance ;
For many long years for his treasure she sighed ;
And every art and bewitchment she tried
To lure him to love her ; to love, and to wed ;
But she could not rekindle the flame that was dead,
Or was smouldering deep in his loyal heart yet ;
Still fed by a mem'ry he could not forget.
But now as this lady's bewildering glance
Met his own : he no longer resisted the trance
That stole o'er his senses ; when low, in his ear,
Spoke a voice for that Lady,—too fatally dear.
“ Oh, Alwyn, my darling ! I see thee again !”
And the voice, was the voice of sweet Miriam Vane.
On the instant he turned, and a radiant light,
Spread over his face ; soon eclipsed by the white

That succeeded ; when naught met his questioning gaze,
 And he looked into space with his soul in a maze,
 Was it fancy ; or was it his darling's fond tone :
 Did her cheek at this moment rest close to his own :
 With a quivering thrill all his being was rife,
 And the air seemed to breathe with the throbbing of life.
 Unheard by the lady, who still lingered near,
 He whispered in tones of affection most dear ;
 Breathing softly and low as the voice of the dove :
 " Come close to me, Miriam,—darling,—my love !
 Come nearer my darling ! Why dost thou not speak ?
 Come close ! let me feel thy soft breath on my cheek !
 I'm so lonely when thou art away from my side,
 Come near to me sweet-heart, my darling, my bride !
 Come away from the shade of the opposite shore ;
 Oh, Miriam ! love ! Let me see thee once more."

VI.

Alone (and worn with the war of life ;
 Its ceaseless trials ; its endless strife)
 Wandered Alwyn O'Meara from place to place,
 Alone,—the last of an ancient race.
 His wealth, which flowed in a golden stream,
 Brought many a ripple, and many a gleam
 Of joy to the sick, the maimed, the poor,
 Who knew the worth of his boundless store ;
 And the kindly hand that the bounty shed
 Smoothed the pillow of many a dying bed.
 His voice was raised in the gambler's hell,
 And it echoed again in the felon's cell :
 The same old tale, that was told of yore,
 Repent, ye sinner ! and sin no more.
 And as he journeyed from day to day,
 'Midst sorrow and sin in the world's dark way,
 His soul was sick with the ceaseless strife
 Which forms the element, men call life,

And the longing for her who had gone before,
Grew stronger and stronger as years passed o'er
His head; and he murmured in yearning tone,
"Oh come to me, Miriam! love! mine own!"
Then a soft hand smoothed his weary brow;
"A little longer, my darling now!
A little longer, and all is o'er—
And thou'lt dwell with me on the farther shore."

VII.

The night lamp burned low in the chamber, where Death
Was lying in wait, for a last parting breath.
He yearned for this victim to feed the dark grave,
On whose brow curled the locks—white as crest of the
wave.

"I have waited full long for this hour I ween;"
And approaches to harass his victim unseen.
Vain attempt! for a spirit is bending above
That form, with a look of ineffable love:
In that presence his sharpest of darts turn away,
And she holds the grim robber a moment at bay;
As she whispers again in that fond pleading tone,
"Come home with me, Alwyn! my darling, mine own!
Come home with me, Alwyn! I've waited so long,
Come away from this world—filled with sorrow and
wrong,
To the heaven of heavens we'll journey this night;
And dwell ever-more in the regions of light:
Where the angels eternal their symphonies roll,
And our God will unite us—forever—one soul."

The thin burning hands told the fever was rife,
The face deeply scarr'd in the battle of life
Was haggard and wan; and the dark wistful eyes
Had a pained pleading look, half of doubt, half surprise;

As they looked into space to behold once again
The form of his darling, his Miriam Vane.
Then sudden as flash of the lightning, there broke
A gleam from his eyes, while in rapture he spoke ;
"Sweet-heart, I have longed all these years for that home,
My Miriam, darling, I come, love ! I come !"

The lashes droop low on the marble white cheek ;
Close presses pale Death, his cold victim to seek ;
But the spirit had passed to the heavenly goal,
And the angels rejoiced with a glorified soul.

LINES SENT TO H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

ACCOMPANIED BY THE FOLLOWING POEM, "THE VOICE OF THE
WATERS," WITH "AN APPEAL," SHOWING THE WRITER'S HOPE
THAT SOME NOTICE WOULD BE TAKEN OF IT.

On the bright wings of hope, Royal Princess,
Weighed earthward with trembling, and fear,
I waft thee, "The Voice of the Waters,"
To murmur sweet sounds in thine ear.

To tell of the glorious sunsets
That over blue Huron have roll'd,
In glittering opaline splendour,
Of crimson, and purple, and gold.

To speak to thy heart of her daughters,
So trusting, so loving, so true ;
As bright as the beams from her cloudlets,
As pure as her waters are blue.

To tell of her sons, wild and wayward,
Who yet, will their fealty prove,
By meeting the cold breath of *Azrael ;
Thus parting with life for their love.

I waft thee my country's young verses ;
Thy softest emotions to woo ;
†Oh ! thou, who hast smiled on her artists,
Wilt, e'en on her poets smile too ?

THE VOICE OF THE WATERS.

ON thy margin, wild Huron, I love to sit dreaming,
At the eventide hour, when nature is teeming
With all that is sweet ;
While the round ruby sun sinks below the clouds, beaming
With crimson, and purple, and golden tints gleaming,
Reflecting on Huron a brilliant path, streaming
Adown to the feet ;
Where it breaks into bubbles of opaline glow,
As softly, and gently, it moves to and fro ;
More force to it given when light winds are blowing,
And crested waves rise in the sunset's bright glowing,
And mimic foam splashes ;
It brings into life all the passionate feeling
That sleeps in the soul ; thus a beauty revealing,
That the human heart never had dreamed of before ;
It comes up in flashes,

* Spirit of death.

† The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise ordered several pictures from Canadian artists, when visiting the Ottawa Exhibition of 1880.

As the waves with fresh lips kiss the pebbly shore,
Again, and again, and forever, once more.

'Neath the spread of a cedar, whose heavy green tresses
Droop low to the water, whose wavelet caresses
Their fringes of green ;
On a carpeted bank soft with brown and green mosses,
With dome over head, formed of intricate crosses
Of limbs of the trees, that the wind gently tosses ;
One eve there were seen
By the light of the moon, as it flickers through leaves,
Forms, fairer by nature, than fancy oft weaves ;
Sweet ! sweet was the maid in her early spring blooming,
And fair was the youth standing near in the glooming,
And tender his glances,
As they rest on the maiden, whose long silken lashes
Droop low on her cheek, as her foot idly plashes
In the wave, as it slowly rolls in, and once more
Retreats and advances,
And comes in again, and again, on the shore,
With sounds—as repeating the words—ever more.

Then in low cooing tones, came the murmur of voices ;
Harmoniously blending with wild woodland noises ;
And thus one doth say,
In the language of tenderest affection appealing,
The depth of his loving, so plainly revealing,
There comes to the maiden's young heart gently stealing,
A glorious ray
Of the passion so strong, for which nations have bled,
The passion divine, on which poets have fed,
With feeling so sweet, that the carmine quick flushes
Her cheek, to her brow and her bosom swift rushes,
Then turns pale and trembles,
As her lover continues his passionate pleading,
“ Eleila ! Eleila ! 'tis thee I am needing !

Oh, my darling ! but say thou'lt be mine ever more !
Dost hear, that resembles,
That sound of the washing of waves on the shore,
Thy voice, 'tis repeating, 'I'm thine—ever more—'

"'Neath the headland, my love, where the white gulls are
flocking,
My boat on the wave of dark Huron is rocking,
And waiting for thee.
Wilt thou come, my beloved ? oh, hear me entreating !
The vows, I so often have vowed, still repeating !
Come darling ! the last precious moments are fleeting,
Oh, come love with me !"
"Do not tempt me ! I cannot !" the maiden replies ;
With face half averted, and sad, longing eyes ;
"Nay, look you not so—thus my inmost soul reading ;
My father will never give ear to my pleading ;
He never will listen
To offer of thine ; with a spirit unbending,
He spoke—only yesterday even—of sending
Eleila afar, where thou'lt see her no more ;
See ! how the waves glisten !
And gleam, as they softly roll in, on the shore,
So sadly repeating, ' Ah, no !—never more.' "

The moonlight played idly amongst the dark shadows,
And danced o'er the maid's drooping figure, while sad rose
The tear in her eye.

"Well thou knowest, Strathallan, my heart's in thy
keeping ;

But, if in my home, I sow discord and weeping ;
Strathallan ! Strathallan ! Oh ! what of the reaping ?
I dare not to fly ;

For the vengeance of heaven is said to o'ertake
The disobedient daughters, e'en though for love's sake,
They fly from the refuge that nature has given ;

And who knows, what terrible anguish has riven
 The heart that's forsaken ;
 I know that he loves me, though hard in his feeling
 To thee ; yet again will I sue to him kneeling ;
 And hope that in time I may yet win him o'er ;
 A feeling awaken ;
 A feeling of love for thee—Allan O'More—
 Hear the waves they're repeating, 'Once more—once
 more.'

"Yes, once more, will I plead, should it be unavailing ;"
 Her voice took the tone of a low, bitter wailing ;
 "Strathallan, we part.
 I will never forget thee, though distance may sever ;
 None other shall win me, none other shall ever
 Have claim on Eleila ; no ! never love, never !
 Thou ownest my heart ;
 And though distance divide us, for years it may be,
 Still at even my thoughts will be turning to thee.
 The hope of our meeting will yet be before us ;
 The same blessed moon still be shimmering o'er us,
 And, looking from Heaven,
 Her glances will rest with a tender light gleaming
 On us, though apart, as we watch her pure beaming
 At this hour my love—that we stand by the shore ;
 This hour of eleven :
 We cannot be parted in spirit O'More !"
 And the waters repeated, "O'More—O'More—."

"Nay, Eleila, my love ! 'tis thine own dearest presence
 I need in my life, no aerial essence
 Though ever so sweet :
 Can I love, and caress, what is only a seeming,
 However so brightly in fancy 'tis beaming,
 Eleila, my darling ! you surely are dreaming,
 And time is so fleet.

Come! my life-boat is safe, and the moon shining bright,
Come darling—away with Strathallan this night.”
Then answered the maiden in tones of entreating;
Half-choked by the throb of her heart wildly beating;
“Oh cease thy persuading!
Thy spells of enchantment around me enweaving;
And think of my father, and of his deep grieving,
When Eleila has fled with Strathallan O’More:
No—Heaven me aiding!—
Without his consent—I will ne’er leave the shore,
Await thee in patience—once more, yet once more.”

“And is this the return for the love I have given,
Have lavished so freely? Oh merciful Heaven
How women deceive!
With their dimpling and smiling, and cruel coquetting,
The wiles of the enemy, Satan, abetting;
With heart like a stone in a fair gilded setting.
Oh—fool! to believe
In the shallow affection that women profess,
Or heed the soft glances, or tender caress!
I’m sick of believing in anything human,
And tender, and beautiful; ’specially woman,
Who’s ever deceiving;
She kindles a flame, and when upward it flashes,
In cruellest idleness wantonly dashes
Its beam to the blackness of darkness once more:
I’m far from believing
There is one of her sex, search the weary world o’er,
Could ever be true to Strathallan O’More!”

As his passionate accents with cruelty laden,
Fell cold on the ear, and the heart of the maiden,
Like statue she stands;
From her dark eyes has fled the soft look of appealing,
And larger, and darker they grow with the feeling
Of cold desolation her senses congealing;

She reaches her hands
Far before her, as though she would ward off a blow ;
The loose hanging sleeves display, whiter than snow,
Her fair rounded arms in the moonlight's pale beaming ;
She gazes before her as though she were dreaming,
And could not awaken.

Was he leaving in anger ; and leaving forever ;
Strathallan, the life of her life, would he never
Return to Eleila and love her once more ;
Oh—was she forsaken—
The waters rolled drearily far on the shore,
And sullenly murmured, “ No more—never more.”

“ Ah,—can this mean parting ? Is he my love spurning ? ”
Her splendid dark eyes with an agonized yearning
Were fixed on his face.

Though her white lips were parted, no word could be
spoken,

She drew from her finger a former love token,
And with this—it seemed as a spell had been broken,
She fell from the place
On the moss-covered bank, where before she had stood,
And suddenly sank to the moon-silvered flood.
A spring, and a bound, and young Allan had caught her,
Before her dark tresses were kissed by the water ;
And tenderly laying

His fair burden down on the carpet of mosses,
From the pale face her locks he impatiently tosses,
Most fervently pleading in love's sweetest lore,
In agony praying :

“ Eleila, my darling ! Oh speak, love, once more ! ”
No sound save the washing of waves on the shore.

“ Oh, Eleila, my love ! 'twas the idlest of jesting,
Forgive me, forgive, for so cruelly testing
The strength of thy love.”

Cold and pale was the cheek of the maiden, unheeding,
There fell on her ear—his wild agonized pleading ;

“ Eleila ! thy silence my anguish is feeding :

Eleila—fond dove—

Ope’ thine eyes for one moment and look at me, sweet,
Look up at Strathallan ! Oh look ! I entreat ! ”

Then softly, and fondly, his cheek to hers laying :

“ Eleila, my darling, you only are playing,

Eleila, love, hear me !

Thy head on my bosom so tenderly resting ;

Thou knowest, my darling, I only was jesting ;

Thou wilt never be parted from Allan O’More,

Thou’lt ever be near me ! ”

And softly the waters washed up on the shore,
As faintly they murmured, “ Forever—O’More.”

Still more cold grew the cheek ’gainst his own that was
lying ;

“ Eleila, my darling ! you cannot be dying ;

No ! this is not death !

You are sleeping, Eleila, awake to my pleading !

Awaken my darling ! What ! still all unheeding ? ”

The blood to his heart in a volume receding—

There is not a breath

Stirs her lips, nor the tremulous soft ebb and flow,

Of the garment that covers her bosom of snow :

All ! all is at rest ! for an angel had pleaded

A flight into realms where Eleila was needed ;

Nor cared he for robbing

The youth of a presence so sweet and endearing ;

Yet pity was felt by that angel, on hearing

Mid the sound of the washing of waves on the shore,

A hard tearless sobbing,

That came from the bosom of Allan O’More,

While the waves moaned reproaching, “ O’More, O’More.”

For hours bent the youth with fierce misery laden,
Then gently and tenderly raising the maiden

Within his strong arms :
To the point where at even the white gulls were flocking,
He bore her away, where his boat was still rocking,
The wash of the waters his agony mocking ;
Yet still it had charms,
As wild storms have a charm for the soul in unrest ;
Then clasping the maiden still close to his breast
He leaped to the row-boat, and tenderly placing
His charge in the bottom, his way he was tracing,
Far out on the waters
Of the moon-silvered lake, where he ceased in his rowing,
And raising the maiden with dark tresses flowing,
He kissed her again, and again, yet once more :
" Of Eve's fairest daughters,
Thou dearest and fairest, a thousand times o'er,
Thou shalt never be parted from Allan O'More.

" Ever more thou art mine ! and no mortal can sever
Two hearts thus united, forever, and ever."
He stepped to the wave :
Then a plunge, and a flash of the waters bright gleaming
And nothing is left, but a boat that lies dreaming
On the wave, in a flood of the moonlight's bright beaming ;
Below is a grave,
Where freed from all doubt, and all trouble, there sleeps
True love,—and the Death angel bends there and weeps :
So young, and so beautiful thus to be lying ;
Their requiem—the sound of the wind softly sighing
In sad soothing numbers,
As it tenderly ruffles the face of the waters,
And rocks to repose one of Earth's fairest daughters,
Where she rests with her lover young Allan O'More ;
And sweet are their slumbers ;
And softly and sweetly the waves kiss the shore,
Forever—and ever—and ever—once more.

AN APPEAL.

I HAVE "cast forth my bread on the waters,"
With purple and crimson that burn.
Oh, Faith! hold me close to thy bosom
Whilst I watch and I wait its return.

I have "cast forth my bread on the waters"
Where moonbeams have kissed the dark wave;
Where love lieth low sweetly sleeping,
And the death angel weeps o'er a grave.

I have sent forth my bark on the waters.
Can storms on dark Huron o'erwhelm
While Faith, as a star, shines above her,
And Hope sitteth bright at the helm?

I have sent forth my bark on the waters;
Oh, let not the tempest's wild roar
In uncontrolled passionate fury,
Cast a wreck and a ruin on shore.

HOPE "NIPPED IN THE BUD."

LIKE lightning flash, o'er hill and dale,
The manuscript to *Rideau sped;
Would fair Louise but hear the tale,
It yet might win the poet's bread.

* Rideau Hall, the Vice-regal residence at Ottawa.

Would she but once her glances raise ;
Or touch it with her finger tips ;
Or issue forth one word of praise ;
One whisper from her royal lips ;

That could be spread from shore to shore,
Re-echoing her voice's tone :
This the request, and nothing more,
And Caris Sima's name were known.

Alas ! the hope, though faint at best,
Was nipped ere it had wings to fly ;
All expectation set at rest,
By her conventional reply.

'Twas nothing either more or less
Than any lady might have penned ;
A simple note, her thanks express,
And there the matter had an end.

Mayhap there's nothing in the verse
To call forth e'en the faintest praise ;
For aught I know it may be worse,
Then e'en the worst of poet's lays.

Yet has it many an hour beguiled,
And I have loved its rhythmic tone ;
Loved, as the mother loves the child,
Because it is her very own.

Mayhap the wish was too obscure,
And yet methinks the intellect
Of our fair princess grasps at more,
Far more, than other minds reflect.

I have not found the missing link
That tells what happ'd at Rideau Hall ;

Yet oftentimes I can but think
She never read my verse at all,

Or feelings born of woman dear,
Her purely woman's heart had stirred;
And sympathy had drawn more near,
Nor left a pleading voice unheard.

WHAT matters it! whether a princess may smile,
Or frown at my amateur efforts at verse;
I'll write me another short poem the while;
It may be no better, and yet be no worse;
Yet courage, dear reader, a treasure you'll win,
All mortals are better for looking within.

GLIMPSES OF THE INNER LIFE.

CLANG!—Clang!—Clang!—
'Tis the night alarum on my office door,
Some messenger swift from a bed of pain;
Mayhap there is one who will rise no more,
For medical skill—it is oft in vain!

Then up goes the sash of my window high,
And I shout to an unseen form below;
While the wind comes in—with flurry of snow;
And I drop it again with a weary sigh.

'Tis a ten mile drive, o'er a black mud road,
With corduroy interspersed here and there ;
And a weary horse drags a weary load ;
And thus with his master takes even share

Of the ills of life, as they come and go,
The rain and mud, and the frost and snow ;
The dust of summer and sun's hot glare ;
Each with the other the burthen doth share.

Each with the other has learned to prize
The hard dry road, and the cloudless skies ;
Each has a horror of corduroy,
And mud to the axles is life's alloy.

And each has attained to a habit of thinking,
While out in the dark he is winking and blinking ;
The shades of night have obscured the view ;
What else is there left for either to do ?

Thinking—Thinking—Thinking—
O'er the lonely road as I journey on ;
With the stars above, and the mud below ;
I think of the years that have come and gone ;
Of sorrows, and joys, with their ebb and flow.

When a wild and reckless boy I played
In the leafy bowers of the green-wood shade ;
And chased the squirrels from tree to tree
With a laugh and hallo ! in boyish glee.

Of the district school, and the master's frown ;
Of lessons unlearned, and of sore disgrace ;
Of a sweet little girl with ringlets brown,
And pitying look on her childish face.

Of college life, and of students wild ;
Of contact with men whom sin defiled ;
A war with Satan, a victory gained,
By the power of love for a soul unstained.

Of ambition's growth, and the wish to win ;
And desire for fame in the worldly race ;
And ever the thought that kept me from sin
Was of ringlets brown, and a sweet pure face.

Sweet as the breath of the fresh June morn ;
Timid and wild as the woodland fawn ;
Pure as the ether in realms above ;
But lost to me ever ; oh love ! my love !

Ah no ! not forever ; for still in my dreaming
I see thysmile rippling, thine eyes softly beaming ;
Ah no ! sweet essence, thou canst not flee ;
For when wrap'd in slumber thou'rt still with me.

Thinking—Thinking—Thinking—
Of years of fierce struggle, and toil, and pain,
Years that passed so slow ; you could hear each click
In the wheel of Time ; and of longings vain ;
And of hope deferred, till the heart grew sick.

Of weary waiting, in vain !—in vain !—
Of nights of waking, and bitter pain ;
Of looks averted, and accents changed ;
And the Fates wept over two hearts estranged.

Of the weary, spiritless, daily round ;
No more of sweet dreaming, ah, love ! no more ;
Of the world's rough grasp of a bleeding wound ;
And the dumb-dead feeling—when hope was o'er.

Wearily, wearily ! time passed on ;
The death cold grasp on my heart was gone ;
And cold—and cruel—and bitter fate !
Fair fortune smiled on me, too late ! too late !

Too late ! for the fondest of links had been broken ;
Returned was each gift of our long love the token ;
And Pride, the demon, who wrought the ill ;
Pride ! revengeful Pride ! stood between us still.

Thinking—Thinking—Thinking—
Of my bridal morn ; when I stood beside
A beautiful woman with pale fair hair ;
A queenly woman ! my beautiful bride,
Robed in satin shimmering rich, and rare.

As pure and cold as the wintry snow ;
So pure, so cold, could she feel the glow
Of love, if sought at a kindred shrine ?
Magnificent woman ! and she was mine.

Exultant I gazed on my long sought prize
In shimmering satin and jewels bright ;
'Till two beautiful loving dark brown eyes
And a mist of ringlets obscured my sight.

Oh, sweet dark eyes—of my loved and lost !
Oh, ringlets brown by the wild winds tost !
From mem'ry's hauntings in vain I fly,
Oh, my past ! sweet past ! wilt thou never die ?

Yes, die thee, fair dream, for the words have been spoken
That link to another, whose faith is not broken,
And in years to be, I shall daily prove
That thou wert a myth, and my bride is love.

Thinking—Thinking—Thinking—
Of the days that followed my bridal day ;
When I inly yearned for a love denied,
As the glory of evening fades away ;
Died my hope of affection from thee—my bride.

Apart and alone I lived my life ;
Apart from my cold and stately wife ;
The flame of love in my heart burned low ;
For its warmth was quenched in a wreath of snow.

What madness possesses a man—to wed
(To share his life, and to brighten his home),
A beautiful statue whose heart is dead ?
What demon incites to this horrible doom ?

I could have loved her—my queenly wife !
Pride of my home, and light of my life
She might have been, had a single gleam
Of tenderness smiled in her look and mien.

But my heart was a drear and dismal void ;
A region of turbulence, ache, and strife ;
And imagination and fancy toy'd
With the buried past, and from thence drew life.

To mem'ry dear ! is a day long fled !
And mem'ry still doth a radiance shed
On a rustic porch, a trailing vine,
Where a soft little hand creeps into mine ;

And two eyes so tender, and pure and true ;
What a world of love doth their glance bespeak !
Two wells of feeling, and heavy with dew
Are the long dark lashes that sweep the cheek.

That cheek that softly to mine is laid !
Those eyes with a world of love unsaid !
That hand that strayeth my locks to twine !
How I would to heaven—they yet were mine !

Yes, my heart goes back to thee, love ! my love !
In visions when waking, and dreams so fleet ;
Nor the world below ! nor the world above !
Could chide me for loving a love so sweet.

There lingers around thee, my darling, yet,
The perfume sweet of the mignonette ;
And still with the faintest of carmine streak,
Doth the wild rose blossom upon thy cheek !

Oh, sweet wild rose ! that in springtime bloomed
On my heart, where never had lain before
A bud so sweet, ere the frost entombed,
And I lost thee, my darling ! forever more.

My love ! my darling ! my pale fair moon
That lights though distant my life's dark noon,
With mem'ry's brightness my sad heart fill
Sweet flower of the wildwood be with me still.

Oh, come to me waking ! or come to me sleeping !
Oh, come to me smiling ! or come to me weeping !
In mist of tears, or in beauty bright,
Sweet vision ! to me thou art life and light !

Thinking—Thinking—Thinking—
Of an April morn, when the sunbeams smiled,
Where gloom and sadness had reigned for years ;
And sweet was our baby, our first-born child
As I bent above him in smiles and tears.

Tears for the pain of my weary past ;
Smiles for the joy that was mine at last ;
Joy for the babe who had come to share
Sweet motherly love, and a father's care.

And on bended knee to the God above
I prayed for my treasure, my tiny one ;
And my heart went out with a yearning love
To the mother of thee—my first-born son.

Sweet in her motherly love was she ;
Tender and gentle—in seeming to me :
And Hope, sweet comforter ! came, and cried,
“Take courage, and let you may win your bride.”

But alas for Hope ! and alas for me !
Illusions will vanish as mists at morn ;
Fierce tempests arise on the calmest sea,
As clouds often follow the fairest dawn.

Again my horizon was overcast ;
Again arose the clouds of the past ;
The air was thick with oppressive gloom ;
And our home became as a living tomb.

I have been in homes where the atmosphere
Was as pure and fresh as a breath from heaven ;
And the angels seemed to be breathing near :
Oh, blessed home ! where to man is given

A foretaste of all he hopes to win
When free'd from the world ; and free'd from sin ;
Where from morning's dawn till day's decline,
He lingers and lives in a light divine !

But oh, not for me was a home so fair !
Sweet haven of rest ! Bliss without alloy !
For every thought and every care
Was centred in Willie our baby boy !

Not mine was he to fondle and pet !
'Twould spoil his dresses ! 'Twould make him fret !
In time I learned to believe that he
Belonged to his mother, and not to me.

What mattered it what was my daily fare !
Or if I grew weary, and rarely smiled ;
To exclusion of every wifely care,
My wife was engrossed in our only child !

No thought of me seemed to hold a place
In her mind, for even a moment's space ;
No care that mine was the hand that brought
The pleasant surroundings that blest her lot.

The room where at even I used to be,
Where a fire blazed bright when the nights were chill ;
Was divested of every comfort for me,
And a nursery made for our little Will.

Is man but a burthened beast that he,
Must from morn to even toil wearily,
And never a smile, or sweet caress
To take from his labour its bitterness ?

Oh, it was not thus when the world began
With the first on earth of the human race :
Sweet woman ! made as a help-meet for man
Waited upon him with womanly grace.

No loving thought for the sorely tried
And tired man, could be here espied ;
No loving welcome when home returned,
And no fire for him on the hearthstone burned.

Oft the nights in summer are cold and chill,
But never so chill, as the chill at heart
That comes from affection's frozen rill ;
When two lives are drifting—drifting apart !

And as days, and weeks, and months crept on ;
My last hope came, and was past, and gone ;
My lonely heart in its sadness cried,
And hungered, and thirsted, for love denied.

Then in visions when waking, and dreams when sleeping
Came a fragrant breath of the past, came creeping
And nestled around my heart, and fed ;
For the heart would starve if it had no bread.

Thinking—Thinking—Thinking—
Of a day in the past ; aye, long since passed !
The bitterest day that my life has known ;
When I held in my arms to my heart clasped fast,
My darling ! my darling ! my life ! my own !

Few words doth it need the tale to tell
Of wreck and ruin, that then befel
The out bound train ; but no words can speak
The horror of horrors that blanched the cheek,

As the mangled remains were carried by,
Of many who never would see the sun
On the morrow's morn ; nor hear the cry
Of the loved they left, for their race was run.

Who knows what hopes in their hearts beat high
A moment past ; then that awful cry
Ascended up to the azure sky,
And their souls were rushed to eternity.

And there on the sod in the glow of even,
With her dark eyes turned to the vault above ;
Oh God ! Thou know'st how my heart was riven
When I looked upon her—my boyhood's love !

With hair dishevelled and death-white face,
(From which had fled all the winning grace
That won my love in the days gone by :)
They had laid her upon that bank to die !

And I never could tell you how I knew ;
And I know not now, but the thought occurs ;
Had it only been the tie of her shoe—
A something had told me that it was hers.

I knelt beside her and tried to speak ;
No words would come, but I touched her cheek,
And softly smoothed with a loving care
The ringlets brown from her forehead fair.

And as I looked on her she turned her eyes,
Those glorious eyes with a light divine,
From her gaze intent on the azure skies ;
And dreamily looked in the depths of mine.

Then a ripple upon their surface came,
Like the upward flash of a dying flame ;
Or the sudden light—when bubbles gleam
On the tranquil tide of a quiet stream.

Then her white lips moved, and in low, sweet tones
And tender, she gave me her last adieu ;
Mid the wreck and ruin and dying moans :
“ Good-bye, dear Willie ! I ever was true !

The fringed lids drooped on the death-pale cheek
“ Forgive me ! Forgive ! Oh, speak love ! Speak ! ”
Too late ! in that glory of sunset bright
My darling had passed to the realms of light.

And still in my waking, and still in my dreaming,
A vision comes near me with eyes softly beaming,
And ever and always this message is given
Live ! not for this world ! but the glory of Heaven !

AN INWARD CONFLICT.

FAIR is the fortress by our God create'
Where first the infant Reason found a home !
Where first awakening from a dreamless sleep
Looks forth in feeble helplessness, and Tears
Come to his aid, through whose soft influence
His tender infant wants are all supplied.
Then follows Mirth so close to Tears allied
They scarce can separate : thus these two dwell
Beneath one roof ; and of that saying old
“ Extremes will meet,” do verify the truth.

Thus is this fortress guard' for years
By infant Reason, Mirth, and Tears.

These years pass by, and Reason stronger grown
Through league with young Ambition ; first essayed

A war with Ignorance ; whom to o'erthrow,
Calls to his aid the noblest warrior Thought ;
Who wins in many battles hardly fought,
Yielding no inch of ground. Full long he fought
And many battles won ; yet many more
Remained to win, ere he could quell his foe.
Fair Hope her rosy banner bright, unfurled,
And moved with buoyant step in eager haste
To join his glorious standard ; and to light
With brilliant watchfires all the country round.
First in the van on restless charger rode
Bright Expectation—eager for the fight ;
Followed by all Ambition's powerful force,
Vict'ry on vict'ry gained ; till Ignorance,
Subdued and meek, fled 'fore the conqueror's tread.

And Reason yearly stronger grown,
Sat firmly on his royal throne.

Firmly ! Ah no ! for now an enemy
That he ne'er dreamed of, came 'gainst him in force
Most overwhelming ; and with arrows light
With magic pointed barb, from bended bow
Pierced through his outward guard ; and did disturb
His fair domain with desperate daring raids.
With fiery burning darts his followers dash
Into the citadel ; and Reason bound
All lowly lies before the conqueror's feet.
All conquering Love ! Who 'gainst thy power can stand ?
Who, stem thy 'whelming force, or break thy chain ?
Ah who but Pride, relentless, dark, and dread !
A turncoat she, who e'en as oft' doth join
The wrong cause as the right ; yet came she now
To Reason's aid, and Love's fair armament
Before her standard flies. And once again
Ambition joins the league ; and in his might
Breaks down all barriers ; and all foes disperse ;

And Reason rising in his power once more,
With bright and beauteous Hope to lead the van,
Gathers his forces that quick onward press
A brilliant goal to win. Press on!—press on
Bright Hope! Ambition wild! press on, nor turn
One ling'ring backward look, or thou art lost!
Why halt ye, Hope? Why turn? 'Tis true that Doubt
Hath dog'd thy steps, but had'st thou forward pressed
His power were gone—to do or dare thee harm.

Bright Hope fought hard but failed to rout
Her enemy; dark, direful Doubt.

'Tis past! the inward warfare—past!—where Hope
Did battle with the legions Doubt had raised
And oft' suppressed her foe; who yet again
Reared his dark head, and with a vengeful look
Cried "What art thou! that thou should'st strive to hold
This fortress 'gainst the power that I command,
Light, airy creature, reared in Mind's abode—
Weak prop art thou, on which to stay his strength
When thus assailed by Doubt. Fair!—fair art thou!
And beautiful! Thy rainbow-tinted robe
Doth gleam before mine eyes with dazzling sheen;
Thy whispers soft allure me; and my strength
Doth fail me oft when looking in thine eyes;
And therefore will I summon to mine aid
One whom thou can'st not quell, and Certainty
With Doubt allied shall vanquish thee, fair maid."

Came Certainty with crushing tread;
And Hope with rainbow hues hath fled.

Hath fled, and in her place there dwells a fiend
Whose name is Dark Despair; and Misery dread
Is brooding at his feet; and these now hold

That fortress strong and fair ; where Reason bright—
By Hope abandoned—low in dungeon lies :

And heavily the conqueror's tread
Resounds above his prostrate head.

Then white-robed Mercy, from on high, looks down
With pitying glance on Reason's prostrate form ;
And calls to Faith, with brow serene and mild,
" Hie thee fair maid to Reason's realm, where he
Lies conquered by Despair, and set him free.

Came Faith with brilliant glory crown'd ;
Shedding a light the dungeon round.

Despair hath fled ! with all his host hath fled !
And Reason once again sits on his throne.
Pure Faith doth guide the helm of state, and Hope
Sits near with softened beam that never dies :

And with these twain beside the throne ;
No Dark Despair shall claim his own.



LOST.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF HURON.

DEAR Huron! land of forest glade and streams,
Thy name recalls my childhood's happy dreams!
Again I wander by the trickling rill;
Again I see the homestead on the hill
With pointed gables, looking t'ward the road;
That home of trust and love—the blest abode.
The sumach still is there, and there the same
Sweet dog-rose creeping up the window-frame;
Where oft in girlhood I have idly stood
And watched the full moon pour her trembling flood
Of liquid beauty on the trees and flowers;
Aye, I have watched the cold pure moon for hours;
Not heeding then how swift Time's river flows;
Dreaming such dreams as girlhood only knows.
Wandering in realms more beautiful than this:
Dreaming of love; and the still greater bliss
Of being loved. Oh, sweet! oh, rapturous thought!
Should I at any future time be sought
By one as yet unknown, and he—I ween,
The noblest type of manhood ever seen.
Marvel not that I aimed my hopes so high.
Should'st wonder still? Then I will tell you why!
My soul from infancy was taught to soar
By one who loved the truth, and honour, more,
Far more than life; and he my mind did train
In lore of chivalry, in martial strain;
Praising great deeds of daring till I ne'er
Could tell what 'twas the coward calleth fear.
Telling old tales of hot and desperate strife;
Making a poem of my daily life.

Long years ago he settled on this place,
With all around, as far as eye could trace,
A forest of illimitable space ;
The home of bears and wolves, and red men wild ;
A roving fancy had him here beguiled ;
He loved not towns and cities with their strife ;
His heart clung fondly to a country life.
And here he brought my mother, one of three
Fair maidens reared in city luxury.
And well the trials of her life she bore ;
Counting her many blessings o'er and o'er ;
Nor breathed a sigh for what had been before.
Nor let a discontented fancy rove ;
But ever to assist her husband strove.
For what can equal woman's deathless love ?

Five little children stayed to light that home
And seven God took ; of three fair ones the tomb
Is underneath the hemlock tree whose spread,
Keeps cool the earth above our loved and dead.
The elder ones of that fair little band
Sleep in the bosom of the mother land.

From early morning until eventide,
The farmer laboured hard, yet scarce supplied
His loved ones, who had often scantily fared ;
But e'en in face of famine ne'er despaired.
Said " better times would come when he had cleared
More land, and greater herd of cattle reared."
Each child, however small, had work assigned,
To spin the wheel, the tangled skein to wind ;
To pluck the chicken or to make the stew ;
Even the baby in the crib could coo,
And she, the next in years would tend that pearl,
That lovely fair-haired, blue-eyed laughing girl ;
And no light task was it—to keep her good,
The youngest ever is of wilful mood.

"The father's darling, and the mother's pride,"
Is sure to be by all the rest belied,
If they should dare complain that she had wrought
Mischief, with much of direst evil fraught.
All had their several tasks, and as her share,
Fell baby, to the lot of little Clare :
Who when most tried by that tempestuous mood
Which babies oft indulge ; and still no good
Follows each cooing sweet and soothing word,
Would often wonder how it had occurred
That ma—who had so many should have brought
This one to share the trials of their lot.

!

The eldest, Ella, sweet and fresh and fair,
Would oft her mother's heavy burden share
In milking cows, and other household care :
Keeping the well-worn clothing in repair.

Leila and Edwin ; they a fragile pair,
Oft left to roam at will for freshened air ;
And when with plough the farmer turned the earth
Would follow in the furrow, full of mirth ;
But soon becoming tired would idly creep,
Then lie upon the fresh damp earth and sleep.
And there, the father slowly moving round
Would find his offspring lying on the ground
Before the horses' feet ; then would he stay
And take his treasures far enough away,
And lay them on his coat, in some safe spot,
Where they would sleep as sound as in their cot.
Sol sent his fervent kisses from on high ;
Cat-birds and black-birds sang their lullaby ;
Fresh breezes played about each little form,
Bearing the scent of clover, and a storm
Of snow-white blossoms from the hawthorn trees :
Wealth of the flies, and wasps, and honey bees !
Bringing new life upon their dainty breath ;
And thus these babes escaped the grasp of Death.

In busy times, the farmer oft would send
The children, who their little steps would bend
Toward the forest fair to seek the cows ;
That often wandered miles away to browse
Upon the young green twigs, and herbage sweet
Which grew in wild luxuriance at their feet :
And charged them not to stray from out of sight
Where between tree-trunks showed a line of light :
This marked the clearing as they knew full well
Acquainted were they with each hill and dell,
Where roved the hare, and where the wood-chuck dwell.

One day in early June the farmer came
In from the fields, and calling oft by name
His children ; Ella and Leila quickly bound
From 'rear of barn, where they a nest have found
Of new-laid eggs ; which they in triumph bear,
And give into the thoughtful mother's care :
Then instant turn to hear their father's 'quest,
Who in few words his wishes thus expressed :

" Ella, and you my little Leila, go
Beyond the farm, and where the brook doth flow
You'll find the cows ; they all day long have lain
Within the clearing, to avoid the pain
Of black-flies, which infest the leafy wood ;
And from the worried cattle drain the blood.
They're hungry now, and they I fear may stray,
If not brought home before the close of day.
List' ! do you hear the clock for four doth chime ?
'Tis only two hours hence to milking time :
'Twere pity now to let them out of sight ;
Without they're sought, they'll not be home to-night.
Go, quickly ! go, before they further stray,
And bring them through the bush the nearest way,
And call them as you go, so they'll not roain,
But know there's something nice for them at home.

Take heed ! if ever you should lose your way,
When hunting cattle towards the close of day,
Keep with the bell, my pets, and know no care,
For be assured that I shall find you there !”
This as a warning—he had naught to fear ;
The cows, that evening, were so very near.

Away flew Ella where the pathway led,
And followed Meila with as quick a tread ;
They cross the brook and gain the higher ground,
Their supple forms o'er logs and fences bound ;
They reach the bush, and in a leafy dell
Distinctly hear the sound of Brandy's bell ;
A moment stay their panting breath to gain,
Then sounds the cow-call, over hill and plain.
Co-Brandy ! co-Brandy ! co-Brandy !
Co-o ! co-o ! co-o !
Co-Lily ! co-Lily ! co-Lily !
Co-Dolly ! co-Dolly ! co-Dolly !
Co-o ! co-o ! co-o !
Co-Jenny ! co-Jenny ! co-Jenny !
Co-Lady ! co-Lady ! co-Lady !
Co-Colly ! co-Colly ! co-Colly !
Co-o ! co-o ! co-o ! co-o !
Then held their breath to listen, called anew,
No bell is heard, for Brandy listens too :
Yet only for a moment stays the sound ;
Again it rings through all the forest round ;
For having fasted all the live-long day,
In haste she doth the tender herbage slay ;
While yet again, with clear and merry chime,
To turn of tongue and teeth, the bell keeps time.

Tearing from limb of tree the nearest spray ;
The children rush upon their hungry prey ;
Doubtless, believing they will straightway take
The path that winds around the cedar brake ;

Over the crossway leading to the lane ;
Not the short path just traversed through the grain.

In vain they tried to drive the cattle home,
Along the road it was their wont to come ;
They dodged from right to left, now here, now there,
As loath to leave so soon their dainty fare ;
And thus through wandering on in search of food,
They led the children further in the wood :
Round and about, and in and out they wind,
Until they leave the clearing far behind.
In vague alarm the little ones look round ;
The swaying trees give forth a dismal sound,
And naught familiar to their eye is found.
Where is this darksome dell, but now they crossed ?
Can it be possible that they are lost ?
They raised their eyes to seek the god of day,
By whom their father ever steered his way ;
But all in vain ! nor right, nor left, they spy
The faintest sign of his one brilliant eye.
All, all around the sky is overcast
With dismal clouds, and there they stand aghast ;
Look in each other's eyes, and seeing there
The terror which they mutually share ;
Each tries her sister with a smile to cheer,
Though quaking inwardly with mortal fear,
Dire tales their father told them long ago,
Of bears and wolves, and other kindred foe,
That roam by night the densely wooded lands ;
Of Indians, scalping knives, and burning brands :
All dreaded scenes that infant fancy finds,
With sick'ning horror rush into their minds.

With fearful glance they search the forest drear,
The shades of coming night are gath'ring near ;
Each bush and log some direful shape assumes ;

A giant Indian from the distance looms
Upon their way ; and banks, and turned-up roots,
Take forms of bears and wolves and other brutes
That roam the forest wild in search of prey,
And oft behind some log in ambush lay ;
From which they might at any moment start :
This thought sent death chills to each little heart.

Then hunger's first awakening pangs they feel ;
And thoughts of starving make their senses reel.
Imagination every wonder weaves ;
Would "robins come and cover them with leaves"
Should they lie down and die upon the sod ?
And would their spirits find their way to God ?

And then poor pa, and ma, what would they do ?
Would they be searching all the forest through
Perhaps for days, or weeks, and all in vain ?
They'd never see their little ones again :
And tears which their own terrors could not bring,
For sympathy, beneath each eyelid spring,
And form large crystal drops that slowly roll
Adown their cheeks, while shook each little soul
With grief unutterable, for those who'd grieve
For them, long after they had ceased to live.

Yet other thoughts to them sweet solace bring,
Taking from death, the fear ! the bitter sting !
When they were dead, mamma would love them more,
Nor think so much of baby as before.
Here spoke the woman's soul, that slumb'ring lay
Within those little tenements of clay.
Oh woman ! sweet and gentle ! thou dost prove
A very martyr in the cause of love.

But not for long these thoughts their bosoms sway ;
They mark the gloom, and watch the closing day,

Swift blending into night, and terrors new
On every side loom nearer into view.
In quaking fear they closely keep to where
Old Brandy still regales on dainty fare:
Then white with terror turn their glance—to see—
Dolly has made a bed beneath a tree.
Lily with snow white face, and crumpled horn,
And stump of tail, from which some dog had torn
The switch, had mounted on a bank to chew;
The signs were plain; whatever should they do?
A blinding mist of tears obscured their sight;
They saw the cows prepare to pass the night,
There, in the forest dark, where beasts of prey,
And roving red men prowled; there they
Must stay till morning; and they must not sleep
Both at one time; for one good watch must keep
As soldiers do—when they to battle go,
That they be not surprised by lurking foe.
Here a new thought occurred their hearts to cheer
New hope has ta'en the place of deadly fear.
No longer hungry, caring not to roam,
Mayhap they yet might bring the cattle home;
But which way should they drive—they could not say;
No land-mark could they find to mark the way.
But still the cattle knew which way to go;
Then softly called to Brandy, co! co! co!
They dared not raise the voice—so great their fear
Some ugly Indian might be lurking near:
Then as she did not move they desperate grew;
And seizing switches at the cattle flew.
A direful rout ensued, and for a space
They rush in wild confusion round the place;
Then tails in air, in one direction start,
The children following, both sick at heart.

Meantime the parents, fully occupied,
Miss not the children till the eventide;

When lengthened shadows creep into her home,
The mother marvels that they do not come;
"Give me the baby, Clare! and go you out,
And see if any cattle are about;
Or if you hear the bell, come quickly back.
If not at home they may be on the track.
It's very late! and I am sore afraid —"
Here Clare, returning to her mother, said:
"I tant see any tows, nor hear no bell."
"Go quickly then, and to your father tell
Your sisters are not back. He must be gone
And search for them before the daylight's done."

But ere the child the door behind her drew,
What first was fear, to active terror grew.
"Good Heaven! if they are lost! what shall I do?"
And with the baby in her arms she flew
Across the fields, and gained her husband's side,
And, panting with exertion, gasping cried:
"The children! Sidney! They have not come back!
'Tis growing dark! They must have missed the track!"
Appalled the astonished father stood—then said:
"They'll soon be here. Dear wife, be not afraid!
They know the bush right well for miles around.
Don't cry, dear love! Believe me, they'll be found.
Indeed, I never knew but they were back,
Or I long since had been upon their track!
'Twere useless now—to try their way to trace;
'Twill be pitch dark, before ten minutes' space
Of time elapse; and what then could I do?
In darkness I can't search the forest through!
My dearest wife, I'll have them with thee soon!
Be patient till the rising of the moon!"

"Patient! Think you that I can calmly wait,
Uncertain of our precious children's fate?"

Why, even while we stand here speaking, they
May be devoured by some fierce beast of prey!
There must be something done! I cannot wait!
Before the moon rise it may be too late!
How can you stand there looking into space,
Nor of the children try to find a trace?
If I remain inactive all the night,
I shall go mad before the morning light.
Oh, Sidney! Sidney! something must be done;
Would it not do for you to fire your gun?
If not too distant they will hear the sound;
And I will gather sticks the field around,
And make a fire upon the hill-top there,
Whose brilliant flame arising high in air
Might light them home—if yet they are alive.
This dreadful thought my mother's heart doth rive;
I may have only three—where I had five.
Oh, God! have mercy on me! Hear my cry!
Preserve my little ones! let them not die
This dreadful night—but have them in thy care.
Oh Heavenly Father, hear a mother's prayer!
Oh save my children from a cruel fate,
If yet—if yet, Oh God! 'tis not too late."

The flames rose from the quickly-kindled fire;
On the dark night they mounted high, and higher;
The mother wrought with zeal that could not tire.
The gun was fired, and on the air was borne
At intervals the sound of dinner horn.
The neighbours hearing the unusual sound,
Collected there for full two miles around;
And offered all the aid within their power;
But nothing could be done in that dark hour:
Nought but continuing their shouts and cries
Until the slowly waning moon should rise,

The anxious faces round the blazing fire
Made scene that any painter might inspire ;
Foremost of all the group the father stood
With hand to ear in listening attitude.
Erect he stands upon a little mound,
In hopes to catch the bell's first, faintest sound ;
In him an upright, manly form behold,
Fashioned in nature's best—most perfect mould.
Some troubled lines about his mouth you spy,
But hope beams brightly in his hazel eye ;
Buoyant by nature, he could not believe
That harm would come his little ones to grieve ;
Though oft with many troubles sorely tried,
He always looked upon the brightest side.
Now by the firelight you distinctly trace
A look of pain upon his shadowed face ;
'Twas sympathy for her his bosom moved,
For her so truly and so fondly loved.
Oft is his eye with humid feeling turned
On her, who as the firelight brightly burned,
Flits here and there, with ever restless haste ;
Tall was her form, and slender was her waist ;
Complexion soft and dazzlingly fair ;
Abundant tresses of bright auburn hair.
In joy no brighter face than hers was seen ;
When trouble came—so changed her face and mien
A stranger scarce would take her for the same ;
For in that delicately fashioned frame
Exists the power to suffer—strong and deep
As suffer those who rarely ever weep.

Beyond the blazing fire a trifling space,
Sits little Clare with troubled, wond'ring face ;
That ever restless baby on her lap,
Not mindful of the hour for evening nap ;
For as the ruddy firelight sparks and glows,
In infant glee she claps her hands and crows,

Edwin with long green pole stirs up the fire
Whose sparks and flame still rising high, and higher,
Illume the space for many roods around,
And show the neighbours sitting on the ground
In motley garments clad—a rural sight;
Waiting the advent of the queen of night.

Sudden one starts upon his feet—"Hush! hush!
I surely hear a bell in yonder bush!
Keep quiet! listen! Yes, I'm sure I do;
And every moment coming nearer too!
And see—a light spreads on the eastern sky,
The moon is rising—Bless me marm! don't cry!
They'll be here in a twinkling! yes, I know;
I'm certain, sure, they will not leave the cows!"
This to the mother, for when hope came near,
Raised from her heart the weight of deadly fear,
Rolled down her cheeks in pearly crystal tide
The tears so long her agony had dried.
So 'tis with women of strong feelings e'er—
They weep for joy when grief can't find a tear.

Return we to the lost ones from the fold,
These children—only eight and ten years old;
What horror must their infant minds have known?
What fear—by training made too proud to own?
They know not where they are—the way how long;
Or whether going right, or whether wrong;
Till Brandy took the lead, they form in line;
Of large and small they number seven kine;
As though attaining one united mind,
They slowly through the darkening forest wind.

Then Leila clapped her little hands, and cried,
Soon as the line of cows she had espied—
"See, Ella! see! they're surely going home!
Come quickly, come! make haste; come, Ella, come!"

I'm sure they've found a path ; see how they wind,
And each the other follows close behind.
Yes, here it is ; though dark I see the track ;
Come quickly on, and let us not look back ;
It is so dark ! we do not know what's there ;
There might be some racoon, or wolf, or bear :—
No ! I'm not frightened ; oh no ! there's no fear ;
The cattle would not let a bear come near,
But turn and hunt it as they would a dog.
What's that black thing we passed ? Was it a log ? ”

Trembling in every nerve with inward fear,
Those two poor little ones bring up the rear
Of that procession ; and like those ahead—
The eldest walking first, with rapid tread ;
Poor Leila worn and weary with the race,
Makes desperate efforts to keep even pace ;
A stick across the pathway lies—she trips ;
A stifled cry escapes her pallid lips,
Then Ella turns, all thought of fear had fled ;
Like the trained soldier who had fought and bled ;
With cry that through the dismal forest rung ;
Like lion rushes to protect her young.
“ I'm here ! what is it, Leila, dear ? ” she cries ;
“ Nothing ! ” a little trembling voice replies ;
“ A nasty stick across the pathway laid ;
I tripped, and fell—oh, no !—I'm not afraid !
I cannot be a coward, Ella, dear !
You know papa says only cowards fear.
Let's closer still to little Colly keep ;
Where are we now ? This bank is very steep,
I think I know this place, yet cannot tell ;
Now we go down into a little dell ;
And now we climb a hill, and on this side,
Yes, here it is ! ” with wild delight she cried ;
And flung her arms around, in joy to see
A monster knot that grew upon a tree.

"Here is my knot! I found it long ago,
It's on the left-hand side—I told you so!
We're going home, we now will soon be there,
See! there's a light arising high in air,
And what are all those noises that we hear,
As to the clearing we are coming near?
There! There, again! Hark! was not that a gun?
'Tis papa firing! hasten! let us run!"

The welcome sound put all their fears to rout;
Each little throat gives forth responsive shout;
New strength again their weary limbs inspire;
The brilliant light from the high blazing fire
Beams on their pathway with a flickering glare;
They onward bound as though they trod on air.
The crossway's passed—that darksome place of dread;
The clearing gained—and all their terror fled:
They climb the hill, and reach their parents' side,
Then in exultant accents Leila cried:
"They're all here, papa!—even Colly small!
There's not one missing!—We have brought them all!"



THE LOVED OF LAKE HURON.

THREE maidens sat on the blue lake's shore
At the eventide ; when the sun bent low
And peeped through the clouds, whose golden glow
Trembled through the cedar boughs, bending low ;
And played o'er the forms that rested there,
Inhaling gently the fresh pure air,
And listening to the waves' soft roar.

One maiden had eyes of heaven's own hue,
And masses of beautiful hair hung down ;
Beautiful hair of a golden brown ;
Falling from a brow meet to wear a crown :
The glance of her eye spoke peace within ;
A victory gained in the fight with sin,
So tender was its light and true.

Reclined on the sand a sweet brown maid
With a childlike grace in her look and mien ;
And in her eyes dwelt the love-light's sheen ;
Toying with the pebblestones red and green ;
While sat she there in the sun's bright glow,
List'ning to the soothing ebb and flow,
As the free wild waves made a raid

Among the rocks on the blue lake's shore.
Where another with sad and longing eye ;
And breast that heaved with a weary sigh,
Gazed upon the beautiful evening sky :
Her restless glance told of strife within,
The war of life with its ceaseless din ;
And its sad—sad—never more.

Ah—who can tell of the mind within !
 None know, save as far as the eye can trace
 Its workings seen on the human face ;
 Telling of a beautiful, tender grace,
 That breathes from the lips ; and whispers there ;
 Of a heart as fresh, as the fresh pure air,
 And that angels' love doth win.

Or the troubled eye, whose restless glance
 Speaketh of a soul that is tempest tost ;
 Or heart that knoweth the blight of frost ;
 Chilling when its every hope is lost :
 The soul rebels at the hard decree ;
 And longs from this troubled world to flee,
 For nothing can its gloom enhance.

* * * * *

Three years have passed o'er the blue lake's shore ;
 'Tis the eventide, yet the wave I ween,
 With purple shadows and golden sheen,
 Tells nothing of the changes that have been ;
 Since the trio rested upon its marge,
 Listening to the low and solemn dirge
 Of the serf rolling o'er and o'er.

Three years have passed, and the soft blue eyes
 Are closed for aye, and the gold brown head
 Peacefully rests with the quiet dead ;
 Resteth undisturbed by the mourners' tread ;
 For oft' where the weeping willows wave,
 Boweth one low o'er a grass green grave,
 Where the love of his boyhood lies.

The sweet brown maid, with the lovelit eyes,
 Has wandered afar from the pale blue lake,
 Wandered afar for her true love's sake ;

Happiness her home in their hearts doth make,
And beams from their eyes, and casts its rays
O'er the household hearth, and brightly plays
In the crib where a cherub lies.

One maiden sat on the blue lake's shore
At the midnight hour, for she could not rest,
So wearily heaved her troubled breast ;
Looking at the eager waves' silvery crest,
Her hazel eyes had a restless light ;
And trouble sat on her forehead white,
While listening to the waves' loud roar.

A storm comes over the dark blue tide,
The black clouds lower, and the lightnings flash,
The waters flurry and leap and splash ;
Far upon the rocks, the breakers dash ;
Yet the low-bowed figure heeds them not,
Till the leaping foam has reached the spot
And swept o'er the rocks at her side.

For nature's charms in her wildest play
The bewildered mind in its sadness craves :
Looking at the foaming crested waves,
A fascinating thrall her soul enslaves ;
A longing wish for her form to rest
Beneath the waves' soft billowy crest ;
To rest and be at peace for aye.

" Oh, for rest ! sweet rest ! " she inly cries,
" Oh, for rest !—sweet rest ! ere my strength shall fail ; "
And Huron lists to her weary wail,
Rushing in his eagerness, hastes the gale :
She sinks in the blue waves' chaste embrace,
And the waters wild have left no trace
Of the spot where their fond love lies.

Part the Second.

ail ; ”

T





THE SPINSTERS' ADDRESS TO SIR JOHN A.
MACDONALD.

ON THE NATIONAL POLICY OF 1880.



HERE, dear Sir John, we pleading stand,
A virgin band we pleading stand ;
Pleading for your *protection*.

Our days are past their early spring ;
Oh ! give us one round whom to cling !
Someone of good connection ;

And let his coffers be well lined ;
Let him be manly and refined ;
Yea !—let him be perfection !

That we through life may softly tread ;
Nor have to earn our daily bread :
You promised us *protection* !

And let us vote who taxes pay ;
Arrange it how and as you may,
Let's have no disaffection !

And when in handsome dress and coat,
We go to poll to give our vote
At time of next election :

We'll be the foremost in the van,
And give a plumper for the man
Who gave us all *protection*.

THE HONEY-MOON BECLOUDED.

THREE weeks have passed—my wife—since we were wed;
Three happy weeks; but now their bliss has fled:
Beside my hearth there sits a shape like thine;
Can it be she I wed? That form divine
Is still the same; but in the face I see
A look that is not hers—the witchery
That won my heart's first fondest love has fled;
Now scowls there forth a demon look instead.
Upon each eye-brow sits an imp, that spurns
The rule of love; and on the forehead burns
A crimson streak, where erst 'twas white as snow;
The lovely mouth once formed like Cupid's bow
A downward curve at either corner takes:
The eyes—once pure and clear as azure lakes—
Now shoot forth steely gleams, and thus declare
The presence of the fiend that lurketh there.
My dearest wife! If thou my wife canst be;
Cast off the spell that thus enchaineth thee;
Black desolation doth my soul eclipse,
When nothing issues from those perfect lips:
Perfect in form and colour; let a sound
Come forth from those sweet portals; and resound
With mirth and song; as in the days gone by:
Nor let in sulks our happiest moments fly.



THE HAPPY SPINSTER.

wed;

In the days of her youth, when life was fair,
And her beaux were many, and fortune smiled,
She had rose-red cheeks, and ringleted hair,
And a witching manner that men beguiled.
In years she was little more than a child,
When lovers in myriads came to woo;
Her parents and guardians were driven wild,
And did not know what upon earth to do
With that infatuate band—that mixed and motley crew.

They came from the east,—they come from the west,—
They came from the north; from the south came too:
With glittering neckties and gorgeous vests
Came the young and old—and they came to woo:
And on milk-white horses there came a few;
Came sure of success, for they owned of land
Vast acres; of arable land; and new;
And with this they had hoped to win her hand
But alas for their hopes!—their hopes that were built on
sand.

Yet the maiden dimpled and bloomed and smiled,
Ne'er thinking it wrong to be thus adored;
Their devotion the lingering hours beguiled
But not one of them equalled her fancy's lord.
Not one of them touched on the tender chord
That thrills to the magical touch of love;
When two hearts are beating with one accord;
And earth is like to the heaven above;
When eyes, meet loved one's eyes, are fettered and cannot
rove.

And for years upon years they came and went,
And as years succeeded became more few ;
Their courage and patience alike was spent,
And in humbler dwellings they went to woo.
There remained with the maiden only two ;
And she, on uncertainty's billows tossed,
Could not judge between the false and the true ;
But wavered between them till both were lost :
And yet repents she not, though tinged is her hair with
frost.

For there was a feeling within, which spake
Of a passionate love that lingered there ;
That not one of all her train could awake ;
And she moved among them as free as air :
Thus she patiently waited without a care
For him who would be her bosom's lord ;
As with him she only her life would share ;
He—her own beloved ! her best adored !
Whose heart would beat with her's, would beat with one
accord.

And this ideal lover she never met ;
Though she patiently waited day by day,
The lord of her destiny lingered yet :
Her brightest visions had faded away,
And often betimes she was wont to say,
She feared he was dead, and had gone to rest ;
Or why did he make such a long delay ;
He, the noblest, the fondest, the best :
'Tis thus with sweetest dreams she gives to life its zest.

And she laughs and smiles as in girlhood's hour ;
And young love still lingers upon her way :
I marvel will ever she lose her power
O'er the hearts of men, who bend to her sway :
Her face is as fresh as the breath of May ;

And the witchery lingers round her yet :
 She knows full well she has had her day ;
 And a single life cannot make her fret :
 She trifled not with love—the past holds no regret.

———

LINES TO——

DEAR friend of my bright happy girlhood ;
 Thy paper received yester'een ;
 Has brocht the Langsyne to my mem'ry ;
 Has bridged a' the lang years between.

I pass over oceans of sorrow,
 Whose surges rose high o'er my head ;
 And left me sae lane, and sae mournfu'
 I miss him my loved and my dead.

I pass over times sair and troubled ;
 I trip over bright beams of bliss ;
 Sae few, and sae far, widely scattered ;
 But nane the less joyfu' for this.

Again 'fore mine een brightly glimmers,
 The light in the ball-room fu' rare ;
 Where langsyne I met Jamie * * * *
 The gallant, the young, and the fair.

I danced wi' him sax times and over ;
 And made English Ned feel fu' sore :
 He ca'ed me a flirt and a trifier
 And vowed he would love me no more.

I cared na' for Ned save wi' friendship ;
And ever I liked na' to see ;
His fruitless persistent endeavours
To show his possession o' me.

And Jamie the chiel na' doubt kenned it ;
It's ever the way with the men ;
They care na' for aught that's na' mischief—
A weel !—don't I know them, ye ken !

Weel Ned, my puir laddie, ye're happy,
Wi' wife and wi' bairnies twain !
While I, ye'll take comfort fra' hearin',
Am left by my fireside alane.

THE CONFESSION OF A BASHFUL MAN.

SHE came to grace our lowly bower,
A creature fair and bright,
With raven hair and olive cheek,
And eyes of dazzling light.
I met her in our cottage hall,
She looked so fair and good,
I felt a passionate desire
To kiss her where she stood.

We wandered out about the grounds
And underneath the trees ;
The air was vocal with the birds,
And flowers scent the breeze.
Her little fingers trustingly
Were resting on my sleeve ;
To squeeze them in this hand of mine
Oh—what would I not give !

I led her to a rustic seat ;
My heart was beating fast ;
I tried to summon fortitude ;
My spirits rose at last.
I listened and could hear no sound
Save the whispering of the breeze ;
My arm stole softly round her waist,
I kissed her 'neath the trees.

The sad—sad hour of parting came ;
I took her to the train :
Forebodings filled my mind that we
Might never meet again.
I led her gently to a seat
Arranged the window bars ;
And spite of all the gaping crowd
I kissed her in the cars.

Oh, all you foolish folks who say
That kissing is a sin ;
Who never felt a ray of warmth
Your hardened hearts within ;
May Cupid send a shaft of love
And pierce each stony breast
That you may know the science yet
Of kissing—and be blest.



LINES ON BEING ASKED WHY I DO NOT
MARRY?

PEOPLE oft have asked me why
I am single ?
Why 'mongst Hymen's votaries high
I don't mingle ?
Talk to me of married bliss ;
Children on my knee to kiss ;
Making earth a heaven.
Manly form on which to rest ;
Sheltered on a faithful breast ;
When with sorrows riven,
Blest companionship through life ;
Why then ! am I not a wife ?

I might answer them—'tis fate,
Leaves me lonely ;
Woman cannot choose her mate,
But man only.
Still, it is not thus with me,
None to suit me can I see ;
None that I could lean on :
Mind is much to be desired.
Truth and honour are required ;
When with these I see one ;
He doth always smoke or drink.
Who their fate with such would link ?

Dearest friends, I'll tell you why
I am single.
Why 'mongst Hymen's votaries high
I don't mingle.

I have waited for my fate
And could never find a mate.
What doth make him tarry?
Waited for him—you may laugh—
One who is my other half;
None else will I marry!
And when he doth come for me
Happy! happy! will I be.

Should he never find me, why!
I'll keep single;
Nor 'mongst Hymen's votaries high
Will I mingle.
I shall miss his loving care;
Ne'er can I his sorrows share;
Nor may I caress him;
But I'll love him all the same,
Though I do not know his name.
May God ever bless him!
And when gone and free from care
I will "braid St. Catherine's hair."



THE SPINSTERS REPROACHING SIR JOHN
MACDONALD.

ON THE N. P.. 1881.

A LONG—long—weary year has passed,
And still we're toiling on.
We've watched and waited patiently,
What hast thou done, Sir John?
What hast thou done for us who stand
Alone in life's rough way?
Alone and *unprotected* still,
What hast thou done, I say?
No well-connected man of worth
Has come within our door;
With bearing high, and courtly mien,
And coffers running o'er.
No bachelor! no widower!
Has come our hearts to gain.
In vain we watch! in vain we wait!
In vain! alas! in vain!
Oh cruel! cruel hast thou been,
To thus o'erlook our state;
Another year of such neglect
And it may be too late.
Already doth the bloom of youth
Begin to flutter, where
A year ago it blossomed fresh
In glowing beauty rare.
Oh, listen to our pleading voice!
Let not rough Time impress
His unsought kisses on our cheeks;
Protect our helplessness!

We know not if the country feels
Thy rule for good or ill ;
But we, poor maids, are left alone
And unprotected still.

TOWSER,

THE night is dreary, cold and dark ;
The tempest howls and shrieks with rage ;
The elements fierce warfare wage.
What sound is that ? Hist ! listen ! hark !
It is the voice of Towser.

I turn me over in my bed ;
Again I sink in peaceful dreams ;
Again am wakened by the screams
That, loud enough to wake the dead,
Proceed from luckless Towser.

That last wild cry my limbs assist ;
I spring from off my bed and seize
A heavy wrapper lined with frieze ;
No human being could resist
The pleading voice of Towser.

Down twenty steps of darksome stair
I haste on wings of love and fear ;
Now to the street door drawing near
I needs must meet the frosty air,
To succour helpless Towser.

I ope the door, and in there bounds
A large black cat within the space,
With springy, agile, cat-like grace,
And soft the lofty room resounds
With joy of happy Towser.

AUTUMN.

AH! who, with tearless eye serene,
Can watch the forms of nature dying?
And who, without a pang can see
Her youthful beauty daily flying?

Whose once bright locks have ta'en the haze
The Indian summer gives the distance,
Which dims the brightness of her eyes,
And casts a film o'er her existence.

The crow's feet round whose eyes have traced,
Like withered rose-leaves many a crinkle;
And oh! the charm that won all hearts,
Her dimple, turneth to a wrinkle.

Her cheek that in her summer's prime
Blushed with the rose's sweetest blooming,
Now, like the faded lily, shows
The autumn tints their glow entombing.

Had Socrates and Plato been—
In lieu of men—one blooming woman,
Combined Philosophy had failed
To hide the sting that marked them human.

WINTER.

THE Autumn is past—the sweet Summer has sped,
And everything lovely and loving has fled.
No longer the goldfinch will sing to his mate ;
No longer the lovers hang over the gate ;
The finches go south their fond love notes to sing,
And lovers, less happy, are waiting for spring.
The maidens no longer wear boots trim and neat,
Galoshes, those horrid things, ruin their feet.
The winter is coming with tempest and hail ;
Wild Boreas swelleth his cheeks for a gale ;
He speeds with his breathing the snowflakes' swift flight,
And covers the earth with a mantle of white.
Now children are harassed with horrible fears :
He speaks to their noses, their toes, and their ears.
The elder folk round them their mantles close fold,
And wonder was ever a winter so cold.
Each gallant escorts his own favourite fair ;
And music of sleigh-bells ring out on the air ;
The waggons are gone, with their clattering noise ;
On backs of the sleighs hang the dear little boys.
Young men from the church reach their domiciles soon ;
They stay not with sweet-hearts to gaze on the moon ;
Far rather they'd be by their fireside's recess ;
The air is too frosty for Love's fond caress.
Thus Love suffers keenly from winter's cold breath
And shivers as though he were smitten with death ;
But great are the blessings attending on those
Who are lovers of comfort, and fond of repose ;
All world-weary mortals can rest without pain ;
Mosquitoes are slumb'ring till spring comes again.

SUBMISSION.

A LADY fair, a friend of mine,
Requests in this edition ;
That I will write without delay,
A poem on submission.

Was ever mortal so oppressed
As I by this petition ;
I do not like to own that I
Can't write upon submission.

Although I've lived for many a year,
And had some erudition ;
I vow ! I never yet have learned
The *meaning* of submission.

TIME—A SOLILOQUY.

THE maiden, like the opening bud
Of summer's sweetest fragrant roses,
In dreamy expectation waits
And on thy lagging hours reposes.

The youth would urge thee in thy flight,
Thy slow and measured step disdaining,
Which still doth hold him in a leash
The age of manhood from attaining.

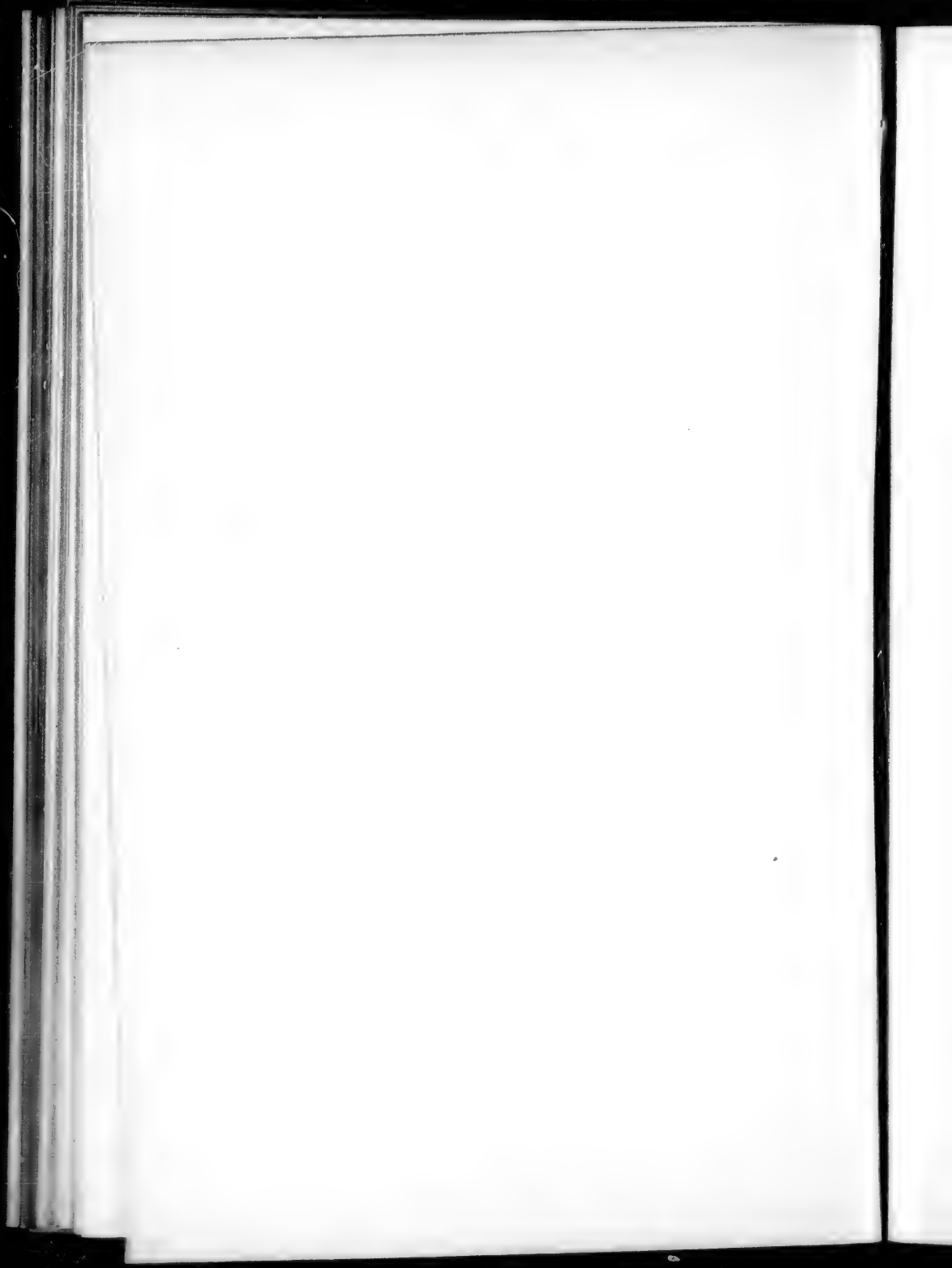
In middle age, who would not curb
Thy pace by strongest bit and bridle ?
What needs this most unseemly haste !
Why, as in youth, canst thou not idle ?

Thou leavest traces of thy flight
O'er which we often sadly linger ;
As flowers wilt 'neath summer frosts,
Thou touchest us with blighting finger.

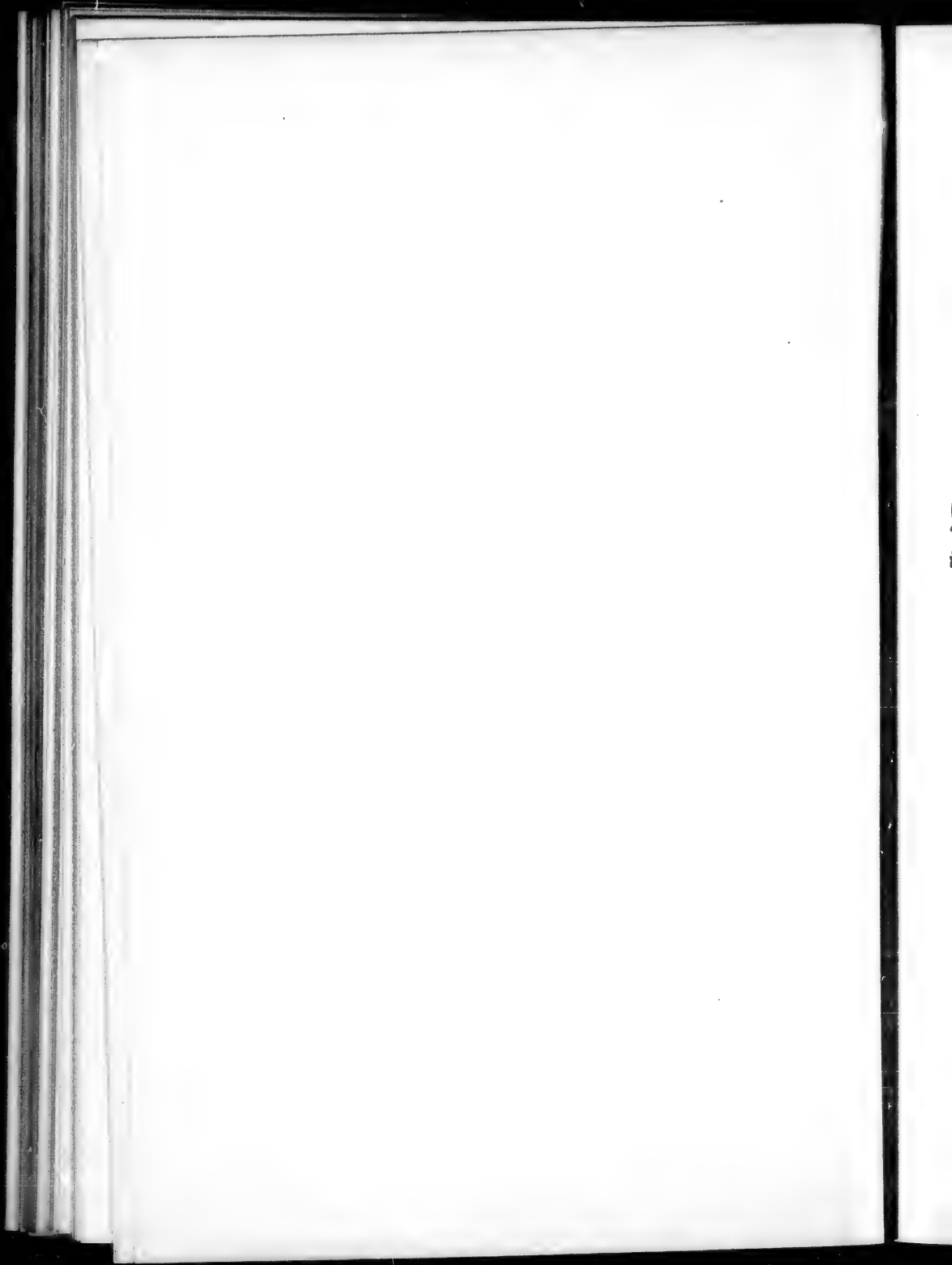
It may be thou hast gently pressed
Thy signet on our shrinking being :
Yet heavy are our bonds, for we,
From thee, have not the power of fleeing.

Oh, Time !—however soft thy touch !
However tender and caressing !
Does any thing of beauty view
Thy shadowing presence as a blessing ?





Part the Third.





INTRODUCTION.



THROUGH our allotted walk in life,
Ere yet we timely fall,
An equal measure is our own,
Of honey and of gall.

For every bliss hath its alloy
That clingeth as a shroud ;
Yea, where the sunshine brightest beams,
There, blackest is the cloud.

Thus, o'er the brightest hours of life,
There hangs this sable pall ;
The sweeter honey we may sip,
The bitterer is the gall.

Yet, some there be with feelings cold,
Who know no love at all ;
Their palates were not formed to taste
The honey or the gall

I would not live in twilight calm,
Though ever safe and warm ;
Oh ! let me have the sun to shine !
Though I must bear the storm.

" LOVE on ! Love on ! the soul must have a shrine ;
The rudest breast must find some hallowed spot ;
The God who formed us left no spark divine
In him, who lives on earth, and loveth not."

DAY DREAMING.

I'm dreaming, my darling, of thee !
Not sleeping but dreaming ;
Day dreaming, and revelling free ;
With fancy's wild imagery ever
My spirit is teeming.

Back !—back in the past !—blessèd past !
What a halo of beauty enshrouds thee !
With a glory too brilliant to last ;
Though a beam from the radiance it cast,
Still brightens the gloom that beclouds me.

Back ! back in the past, to an hour
When song birds were sleeping ;
When every blade, tree, and flower,
(Whose beauty makes joy for me ever),
The night dew was steeping.

Back !—back in the past !—blessèd past !
Sweetest past !—Can I ever forget thee ?
Or that fullness of being so vast ;
Father Time ! Thou who fliest so fast !
Like a spell do thy mem'ries beset me.

Back !—back in the past—to that eve
When eyes softly beaming
Their witching inthralments beweave ;
Those luminous eyes, where forever
The love light is gleaming.

Those eyes so soft, limpid and blue,
Their fond glance set my heart wildly beating ;
And the flowers bowed down with the dew,
Never raised their bent faces to view
That tableau so sweet, and so fleeting,

A gentle arm, tender and strong,
And firm and caressing,
Encircled me round,—was it wrong ?
Or should it be looked on forever
In light of a blessing ?

Sweet kisses fell soft as the dew
On the flowers, that still bent their faces,
With a rapture that thrilled through and through ;
E'en as love's sweet caresses will do !
And leave not the faintest of traces.

Save a sweet tender light in the eye,
Dark eyes softly beaming,
The low murmured breath of a sigh,—
Repeated again—and forever,
The thrall'd one is dreaming.



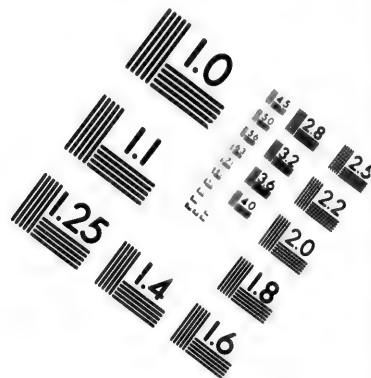
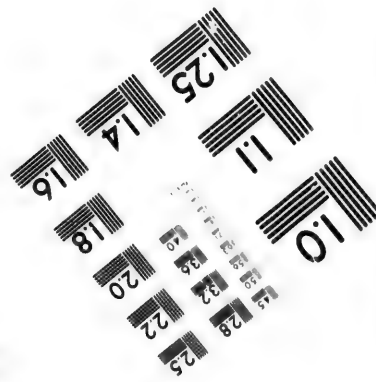
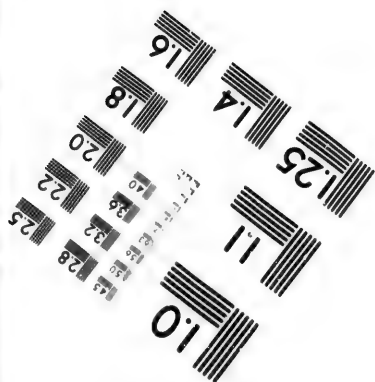
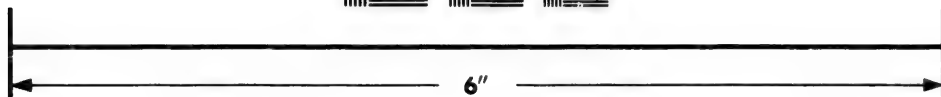
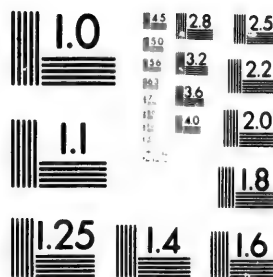


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AT THE FALLING OF THE LEAF.

OCTOBER! what mingling of sadness and joy
Thou bring'st to the soul that contemplates thy scene;
The vanishing beauties of summer alloy,
As one looking back on a bliss that has been.

The soft nestling breezes in sportiveness play
With the heralds of winter, that garnish the earth;
The warm, wooing fondness of Sol's softened ray,
Like beams that gave flow'ers of April their birth.

Though crimson embellish our emblem of green,
And purple the ash by the frost king's fresh breath;
A spirit of sadness reigns over the scene;
The sun smiles on mourning; the wind sports with
death.

And this! of all moons in the year thou wilt turn
Beloved of my soul! to revisit the place
Where beams of affection yet smouldering burn,
That Time,—the destroyer,—hath failed to efface.

Oh, love of my soul! can the year's dying moan
Hush the joy in my heart when thy footstep is near?
In thy presence,—thou life of my spirit,—mine own!
Can the wailings of nature elicit a tear?

Ah, no! for the joy and the brightness within,
Shall soften the sound of the wind's sighing tone;
No ill-omened whisper, or fancy shall win
One thought at our meeting,—my darling! mine own!

Though death on the face of fair Nature appear ;
 And garden, and fields, and wild woodlands may mourn ;
 The lord of my destiny now draweth near ;
 And my " Eden " shall blossom to greet his return.

I'll plant me a garden, my curtains among ;
 Geraniums and fuchsias, and roses shall bloom ;
 The heliotrope's fragrance around me be flung ;
 And mignonette perfume the senses entomb.

And yet, what availeth the beauty of flower ?
 Or bird warbling sweetly in wild woodland tone ;
 Thy presence, and accents alone have the power
 To make me a summer, when summer has gone.

EXPECTATION.

I WAIT ! I watch ! and listen for thy step !
 The very air seems whispering love of thee ;
 It breathes and palpitates as if thy breath
 Stirred it in coming near ; and murmurs sweet
 Seem borne upon the wind ; like to thy voice,
 When breathing love to me ; and little thrills
 Of happiness come o'er me, when I think
 Of all the bliss the passing moments fleet
 Bear on their wings to me. Oh, dearly loved !
 Thou art my life's one joy ! my one sweet thought !
 My soul doth long for thee—my other self
 Doth hunger for thy presence, thy caress.
 With thee life is so full ! What need I more
 When thou art near ? mine own—my love ! art near !
 Oh, bliss ! to lay my hand in thine ; in thine
 One moment—fond and fleeting—yet how sweet,
 Aye, doubly sweet, for my hand loveth thine ;

Doth love thy touch, and thus it doth delight
To linger in thy clasp with pressure fond—
The while for one ecstatic moment love—
Mine eyes look into thine, and feel the power
That soul doth exercise o'er soul, when love
Doth bind two hearts in one. Hush ! oh, listen !
Insects cease your humming, whilst I listen !
Song-bird cease your singing, whilst I listen !
Hush, oh wind, and murmur not, complaining ;
For He ! my love, is coming ! coming near ;
Oh, joy ! I hear his footsteps—He is here !

PARTED.

GONE ! alas ! and I am lonely,
All within is gloom and night ;
Joyless, rayless, and beclouded,
Slow the moments wing their flight.

Sol looks down upon me smiling,
Did he know that we must part ?
There's a brightness in the sunshine
Mocks the gloom within my heart.



THERE'S A LINK THAT IS MISSING.

My "Eden" is smiling! my "Eden" is fair!
The birds warble sweetly; their notes fill the air;
The flow'rets are blooming in border and bed;
But the sense of their beauty and sweetness has fled.
Fair Nature to charm weaves her witch'ries in vain,
There's a link that is missing from happiness' chain.

A form that is missing! that erst met my view;
Two eyes that are missing! two deep wells of blue;
Two lips that are missing, that once met mine own;
And the clasp of two arms and a voice's low tone;
Two souls have been parted, and parted in pain;
There's a link that is missing from happiness' chain.

ART THOU THINKING OF ME ?

ART thou thinking of me, my belov'd ?
Though distance doth sever us wide;
The fancy still haunts me, my darling,
That thou art again by my side.

I feel an intangible presence,
About me wherever I move;
A something that whispers, my darling,
Of thee, and thy passionate love.

HOPE DEFERRED.

My spirit communes with thy spirit;
My thoughts cannot wander from thee;
Thy aerial presence enchains them,
And haunts me wherever I be.

There is naught in this world that can give me
A tithe of the joy that doth fill
My being; when whispers thy spirit
To mine—that thou lovest me still.

ONLY A FLOWER.

A SPRAY of mignonette!
A little feathery spray;
Frail tender thing! What is't in thee
That bridges years of life's rough sea?
Thy perfume sweet brings back to me
The mem'ry of a day
That I can ne'er forget.

HOPE DEFERRED.

My love!—I am thinking of thee,
And my heart
Is a shrine, filled with mem'ries of thee,
Which impart
To my life a new feeling, and this!
The very perfection of bliss;

For no smart
 Doth come with this beautiful feeling ;
 That keeps softly over me stealing,
 The strength of affection revealing.
 Ah! no!
 For my faith is as safe from a shock,
 As though it were built on a rock,
 And so—
 I sit foolishly dreaming ;
 My mind with fond memories teeming ;
 Not heeding " Old Time's " wily flight ;
 Nor looking at aught, but the light
 That dazzles my glorified sight.

My love—I am waiting for thee ;
 Thou didst say
 Thou wert coming my darling to me,
 On this day—
 That reminds me so much of the past ;
 For surely this day is the last
 Day of May :
 And I wait with a feeling of yearning ;
 A feeling of painful heartburning ;
 Mine eye to the window oft turning
 To see
 If thy form in the mist I descry :
 Then come back again with a sigh,—
 Ah—me !
 I hunger once more to behold thee ;
 I long for thine arm to enfold me ;
 Again—love—to feel thy caress :
 Of joy to my heart, what excess,
 To know that thou lov'st me—not less.

My love I am waiting for thee ;
 Wilt thou come ?
 In this heart that is yearning for thee,
 Is thy home.

Love ! I think of thee when thou'rt away ;
How I long for thee every day
Thou dost roam.

Art thou coming my love on the morrow,
To chase away visions of sorrow ;
Nor leave me a sad thought to borrow,
Of thee ?

For I know thou art longing to come ;
'Tis here that thy heart finds its home
In me ;

And there's nothing can sever,
My heart from thine, darling, forever :
To-morrow—thou'lt surely be here.
Ah—why !—this vague feeling of fear ?
And why !—to mine eye comes the tear ?

My love—I am waiting for thee ;
Wilt thou come ?
See—I'm weary of waiting for thee ;
I am dumb

With a horrible feeling of pain ;
That palsies my heart and my brain.
I am numb

With a cold sense of misery creeping ;
With an anguish that knoweth no sleeping ;
Ah !—love—dost thou see I am weeping ?
Ah no !—

Surely here is no crystalline flood ;
Ah no !—'tis my heart weeping blood ;
Ah !—woe !—

And there's no way of stopping
This horrible feeling of dropping ;
That seems to be draining all day,
In anguish, my life blood away ;—
And nothing—the torrent will stay.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN weariness often life's pathway I tread ;
The light, and the joy, from my bosom hath fled ;
I cannot forget thee—where'er I may rove ;
I miss thee, my darling!—my love ! oh my love !

Thy voice's low tones oft in fancy I hear ;
In shadows of evening thy spirit seems near ;
Still speaks to my heart thy dominion to prove ;
My darling !—my darling !—my love ! oh—my love !

Oh—couldst thou but hear my lamenting so vain ;
Couldst know how I yearn for thy presence again ;
What passionate anguish my bosom doth move ;
My darling !—my darling !—my love ! oh—my love !



Part the Fourth.

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❖ MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. ❖

WELCOME TO HANLAN.

HEAR the news, Toronto!
Wide let the tidings go! [shore.
Hanlan the champion is drawing near our
Up! up and welcome him
Who doth the waters skim— [o'er.
Skims with the swiftness of a bird the waters
Arise! arise!
The time flies;

With all the nation's flags unfurled,
Quickly hasten forth to meet him;
Warmly welcome! warmly greet him;
Hanlan, the champion of the world.

High! high your banners raise!
Shout in the victor's praise!
King of all the watermen that skim the crystal tide.
Drums, loud your welcome beat!
Breathe, cornets, wild and sweet—
Breathe forth your melody in welcome far and wide.
On the air
Ladies fair
Wave! wave your 'kerchiefs! and with smiles
Brightly o'er each feature playing,
Thus their loveliness arraying;
Welcome him with woman's sweetest wiles.

Bells from the turrets high,
Pour forth your melody !
Ring all ye ringers as ye never rang before ;
Ring ye merry bells, ring ! ring !
Welcome the water king ;
Welcome the hero to his native land once more.
Higher ! higher !
Up the spire
Deep caverned throats with clang and blare
Rising t'ward the vault of heaven
Part the cloudlets music riven,
Ringing your welcome on the air.

Citizens one and all !
High or low, great or small ;
Come forth in myriads your champion to receive ;
Come in your gay attire,
Come with your hearts on fire,
Burning—with laurel wreath the victor's brow to weave.
Hanlan ! Hanlan !
In the van,
First is your skiff upon the main,
First of all the oarsmen ever
Dipped an oar in lake or river,
Welcome ! oh welcome home again !

Home in the hearts of all,
Hearts whom your deeds recall,
Proud that your star arose upon Ontario's wave ;
Proud of our champion,
Who oft the race hath won—
That to our Canada the oarsmen's victory gave.
Welcome ! welcome !
To your home :
Hear how it peals from tower and dome,
First of all the oarsmen ever
Dipped an oar in lake or river,
Welcome ! oh welcome to your home !

MISPLACED AFFECTION.

WE met ; 'twas by decree of fate,
We met, but ah ! how soon to part ;
And thou hast reft me of my heart
And left me lonely—desolate !

To none but Heaven can I tell
The love inspired by thee alone ;
In dreams I hear thy magic tone,
And on thy accents fondly dwell.

I see again thy perfect form,
That springeth from a noble race ;
I mark the glory of thy face,
I feel thy hand-clasp fond and warm.

Again that limpid hazel eye
Looks into mine with tender glance ;
Whose language doth my soul entrance,
And from whose spell in vain I fly.

Once more upon my lips I feel
The anguish of that last adieu ;
I see thy form fade from my view ;
My sight is dim ; my senses reel.

Oh, love ! my love ! how shall I bear
The dreary loneliness of life ;
Or how endure the inward strife ;
The aching void, the daily care.

Oh, vain the wish ! that I could be
Forever by my dear one's side ;
Thou canst not claim me for thy bride ;
Though loving, thou art leaving me.

APOSTROPHE TO LAKE HURON.

YE waves of Lake Huron ! bounding and free ;
Wild waves of Lake Huron ! listen to me :
Creation of One who hath power to save !
Spare him I love from a watery grave.

Ye winds of Lake Huron—hush your wild breath,
Doom not my brother to darkness of death ;
Thou wild “Lake of Storms,” rest peacefully now ;
Winds of dark Huron, fan softly his brow.

Ye waves of Lake Huron ! bounding and free ;
Bear on your bosom my brother to me ;
Winds cease your howling—nor stir the white foam,
Breathe ye more gently till he cometh home.

TO WYNNE.

IN this life as you wander to and fro,
Before its evening closes,
Crush the thorns in your pathway as you go,
But stoop and gather the roses.



ACROSTIC.

A YOUTH of gentle modest bearing ;
 No artful wiles the weak ensnaring ;
 Devoted to his sire's profession ;
 Rich in his language and expression ;
 Earnest for peace he makes concession ;
 With heart as tender as a woman,
 So loving and so truly human ;
 Lingers with deep and tender feeling,
 On tale of misery and pain ;
 A depth of sympathy revealing ;
 No wretch to him appeals in vain.

ANSWER TO——.

Dost ask me, will I think of thee
 When in thy narrow bed ;
 Mine own ! my love ! will think of thee,
 When thou art dumb and dead.

When I no more thy voice shall hear,
 Or feel thy fond caress ;
 Dost think that I, who love thee now,
 In death will love thee less ?

Dost thou not know the treasure won,
 We oft' too lightly prize ;
 Too oft' we value not its worth,
 Till sundered are the ties

That linked it with our being here,
That round our heartstrings bound,
Until the snapping of its threads
Reveals the gaping wound.

The jewel that we wore for years,
What thought we of its cost?
What cared we for its sparkling sheen,
Ere yet we knew it lost?

Yet! Oh, beloved! my jewel bright!
I have one only fear,
I'd love thee more than God approves
Could I but keep thee here.

I love thee with a love so strong,
'Twill cross o'er death's dark wave;
And could it be, I'll love thee more
When si'ent in the grave.

ACROSTIC.

WIN in the race set before thee,
Yield not to trials or dangers.
Ne'er let the false world allure thee;
Ne'er yield thy right unto strangers.
Ever thy faith shining brightly,
'Midst all life's tumult and wiles;
Yields rich in prayers uttered nightly;
Brings to thy life all the gladness;
Out from thy heart chases sadness;
Yields all thy day store of smiles.

THE ENEMY OF LOVE.

Souls by mutual love enchained ;
Trust ye ! trust ye ! ever ;
Let no dreary doubt invade,
Kindred hearts to sever.

Doubt,—e'en like a fell disease,
Flowers of love will wither ;
Breathed upon by blighting breath
Scattered hither, thither.

Doubt,— a fell destroyer,—he
Blighteth where he lingers ;
Marks his way by many a spot,
Touched by unclean fingers.

Doubt,—a mildew of the soul,
Smearing o'er its whiteness.
Doubt—a fungus of the mind,
Dimming all its brightness.

Crushing all life's sacred joys ;
Dimming Hope's bright vision ;
Friend is he of Dark Despair,
Parent of Suspicion.

Foul Suspicion ! unclean thing !
Death of Love's sweet blossom ;
Let no spawn of ye be laid
In the spotless bosom.

Trust ye ! trust ye ! souls who love,
Trust ye ! trust ye ! ever ;
Let no dreary Doubt invade,
Kindred hearts to sever.

REFLECTIONS ON A FADED ROSE.

SLOWLY drooping,—slowly dying,—
Fragrant rose ;
What a tale thy faded beauty
Doth disclose ;
Thou remind'st me of one courted,
Who with lovers idly sported ;
Wantonly, and idly sported,
With their woes.

Left alone when faded,—dying,—
Like thee,—rose ;
Passing down the silent river,
As it flows ;
Time his sovereignty expresses ;
His unwelcome kiss impresses ;
Softly veils her glowing tresses
With the snows.

Slowly droops thy fragrant beauty—
Dying rose ;
Softly sink thy crumpled petals,
To repose ;
Mournest thou thy bloom departed ;
Thou ! the rare, the ruby hearted ;
Like the maiden, lone deserted ;
Dying rose ?



TO MY CANARY.

My Pyramus! my tender little love!
How doth my heart rejoice to hear thy strain
Again re-echoing through my lowly bower!
For thou hast been so sad these many moons,
Thy little throat could scarce find strength for song;
For thou didst try to cheer my lonely hours
With sweetest strain; yet ever in low tone
Thy voice hath died away, and sunk in sighs.
What ailed thee, pet of mine? Didst thou still mourn
For thy fond Thisbe—laid within the tomb?
If thus it be, my bird, I honour much
Thy faithfulness to that sweet memory;
Yet do I now rejoice that thy long term
Of grieving o'er thy widowed state hath passed,
And thou again can'st flood my bower with song.
Dost think that thou couldst woo another mate?
Or art thou faithful to thy buried love?
Can birds' affections linger round the dead?
I know not! and have marvelled much what caused
Thy late long melancholy; can it be
'Twas nothing but the dropping of thy quills?
Away base thought! let sweet romance live here;
And birds—b'er buried loves—let fall a tear.



LINES WRITTEN ON THE HEROES OF THE
REVERE BLOCK FIRE.

BRAVE deeds have been recorded
Of battle-field and flood ;
Where heroes in their country's cause ;
E'en to maintain her cherished laws ;
Have fought knee deep in blood,

And earned a fame immortal ;
And yet methinks that one,
Who saves a life is greater far
Than he who mows in ranks of war—
From morn till set of sun.

Then cherish fair Toronto !
Thy matchless heroes brave,
Who fought the dreaded fiend of fire ;
And saved from out the burning pyre
That else had been a grave.

To Forsyth, Kerr and Doughty,
Our song of praise resound ;
Forever honoured be their names
Who bore the smoke, defied the flames,
To rescue—not to wound.



A SMILE.

SUNSHINE is the smile of nature,
Shedding gladness o'er the earth ;
Lighting every bush and meadow
With the magic of her mirth.
See ! far distant through the storm cloud
Bursts the sun upon yon isle ;
So upon the face of sadness,
Breaks the beauty of a smile.

LINES TO —

WHEN first thou came'st within my bower,
I could have loved thee true ;
Drawn by the spell that lurked within
Those wondrous eyes of blue.

So great attraction in them dwelt ;
I oft' appealed to thee ;
So thou would'st raise those azure orbs,
And turn their glance on me.

But ah ! alas ! ere many times
Thine eyes had met mine own,
A look of strange suspicion marred
Their purity of tone.

Before that glance the god of love
His beauteous wings outspread ;
His gracious presence cannot dwell
Where faith, and trust are dead.

LINES TO ———

I WILL not forget thee in all the long years
That pass ere our meeting, if meet we again ;
The heavens will smile, and the cloudlets drop tears,
But smiling, or weeping, to me were in vain.

In vain to bring back all the joys of the past !
The moments devoted to friendship sincere ;
In far distant countries our lots will be cast ;
But memory ever will hold thee most dear.

As days will roll on, and the sun will arise,
And trace his bright path through the heavens, and set,
I, true as the sun in his path through the skies,
Will pledge thee my friendship,—I will not forget.



LINES TO —

WHEN hand clasped hand ere parting came,
 A solemn pledge we gave;
 Though here in sadness reft apart,
 True friendship's chain should bind each heart
 Till pulseless in the grave.

Oh ! blessèd love ! of purest birth,
 That soul to soul hath given,
 To comfort with its kindly ray;
 To aid us on our earthly way;
 Till soul meet soul in heaven.

If aught should hap' while severed far,
 To weaken friendship's chain,
 I'll search the links the reft to prove;
 Then will I bind them with my love
 Till it be strong again.

Thus, year by year, our sacred bond
 Shall truer, purer prove;
 Nor death's strong hand shall break the chain
 Our souls will meet in heaven again,
 And love,—as angels love.



THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

'Tis the twilight hour, when daylight
Kisses night and bids adieu ;
Whose attendant shadows hovering
With their mists obscure the view.
Softly creeps the dusk of even
Round my Eden, smiling ! fair !
Home made bright by fancy's wanderings
And her spirits in the air.
Still I see amongst the shadows,
Forms I dearly love to trace ;
Rises from the gloom and darkness,
Still that upturned pleading face.
Borne to fancy's ear are echoes
Of a voice whose thrilling tone
Speaks to me in softest accents ;
Speaks to me, and me alone.
'Mid the sound of wild heart throbbings,
Faintly falling on the ear,
Come the fervent tones that tell me
I am dear, forever dear !
Oh, the anguish of that parting !
Oh, the numbing, deadening pain !
Of the sundering of sprits
That may never meet again.
It is past ! and peace now reigneth,
Gone the weary, aching pain,
While I listen to the echoes
Of a voice, whose soft refrain
Rings in accent, sweet and tender,
On my ever listening ear,
" Though in life we part for ever,
Thou wilt be for ever dear ! "

Darker shadows hover round me,
But their gloom cannot impart—
Aught of dimness to the sunshine,
That still lingers in my heart,
While I listen to the echoes
Of a voice that haunts me yet,
“ Though in life we part for ever,
Still I never will forget ! ”

TO PATTIE.

'Tis many long years since we parted,
And parted in sorrow and pain ;
The ocean is surging between us,
I never may meet thee again.

I have not forgotten, sweet sister,
The scenes where in childhood we played ;
The father who loved and protected,
Nor her, on whose bosom we laid.

I have not forgotten our girlhood,
'Tis filled with fond memories, dear,
Of a sweet little sister who loved me,
Though younger by many a year.

The confidence oft shared together,
When lovers would plead and would vow ;
By the faith of our girlhood, dear sister,
I pray thee remember me now.

Remember me now with affection,
As pure as in childhood we knew ;
As free from the world's touch that tainteth,
As tender, as loving, as true.

Untold is the fondness that wellet
For thee from mine innermost heart ;
Old Time cannot chill the affections
That grew of our childhood a part.

The weight of long years presses on me,
My footsteps are faltering and slow ;
My brow over seventy winters,
Have crowned with a circlet of snow.

Mine eyes have grown dimmer, dear Pattie,
Since last they looked into thine own ;
My form is more shrunken and faded,
Since husband has left me alone.

The cold biting blast of December,
Was more than his frail form could bear ;
And the Merciful came at his pleading,
His yearning for Infinite care ;

And took him away to His heaven,
His mansions of bliss in the skies ;
Where his sufferings are soothed ; and the Blessèd
Will wipe all the tears from his eyes.

A little while more, and I follow
To where he is waiting for me ;
A little while more, and thou too, dear,
The light and the glory may'st see.

Then think of the joy of the meeting
Of those who were severed for years ;
The meeting in realms of the blessèd,
Where Jesus will wipe all the tears.

WIDOWED.

BEREFT of all I held most dear,
In loneliness I wander here ;
In tearless desolation lost ;
Life's bark on treacherous billows toss'd.

How shall I bear this weight of woe,
This dreary sense of hopeless grief ?
Could from mine eyes the tear-drops flow,
Their crystal stream might bring relief.

The robin, singing to his mate
From topmost bough of poplar tree,
Pours forth a flood of melody,
While here I linger—desolate.

The sparrows in their little nest,
The father feeds with tender care ;
While my poor babe is rocked to rest
By me ; and I it's daily fare

Must daily earn without a mate
To bear with me the daily care ;
And with me joy, and sorrow share :
For I am widowed—desolate.



THE SPIRIT OF DEATH.

MOURN ! mourn and weep, thou desolate city !
For thy hearthstones are stripped of their pride ;
 Morning rejoiced in their gladness ;
 Noon knew no shadow of sadness ;
Eve saw them washed by the tide.

Never, our queen ! never more may that beautiful city
Rejoice on the day of thy birth !
 Joy, as she joyed on the morning ;
 Nothing of shadow, or warning
Dimmed the excess of her mirth.

Bright were the faces, and fresh the attire of the hundreds
Whom morn saw their thresholds pass o'er ;
 Light was the low rippling laughter ;
 Light, though Death slowly stalked after ;
Slowly crept down to the shore.

There on the Thames, at the wharf, the Victoria lying,
All gaily with evergreens decked :
 Courtied the gay throng advancing ;
 Music their senses entrancing ;
Nothing of danger they recked.

Onward they press to the decks of the treacherous vessel
Still onward in jubilant glee :
 Childhood with wonders delighted ;
 Youths with their maidens troth-plighted ;
Manhood, and womanhood, see

Onward and upward a long living stream swiftly pressing
To gain the Victoria's side ;

Robed in their holiday dresses ;
Mid the sweet wind's soft caresses
Ribands and scarfs fluttered wide.

Onward and upward they throng o'er the gay painted
vessel ;
Still onward, nor paused they for breath ;
Onward with bright, happy faces,
None knew that slow in their traces
Stalked the grim shadow of Death.

Loosed from her moorings, adown the broad stream slowly
gliding,
The vessel sped forward with pride ;
While on the wind wildly streaming,
Doubling and rippling and gleaming,
Britain's broad banner flew wide.

Slowly and stately o'er shallow and bend in the river,
And bearing her jubilant freight,
Still pealed the light rippling laughter,
Still hungry Death followed after,
Warning not one of their fate.

Reach they the harbor of Springbank, and few leave the
vessel ;
But fast from the wharf, score on score
Troop the expectant and waiting ;
Fear they the evening belating ;
Crowding on, more, and yet more.

More and yet more ; till o'erburthenèd quivers the vessel,
And yet scarce a shadow of fear
Creeps to the hearts that are beating
Strongly—though life is but fleeting,
Death's awful presence anear

Loosed from her moorings, returning the vessel is speeding,
The vessel o'erburthened, beneath
Straining and groaning and creaking ;
While in her wake, never speaking
Hovers the Spirit of Death.

Now o'er the waters appeareth two row-boats a racing ;
And follows a rush to the side ;
Back to the other retreating ;
While but a moment is fleeting
Hundreds are launched in the tide.

Mourn, mourn and weep, thou desolate city !
For thy hearthstones are stripped of their pride ;
Morning rejoiced in their gladness ;
Noon knew no shadow of sadness ;
Eve saw them washed by the tide.

Crushed in the ruin of bulwarks, and engine, and boiler,
Full many the instant met death ;
Many and many another,
Clamb'ring o'er sister or brother,
Fighting and gasping for breath.

Crying in piteous, heartrending accents for succour,
And never a hand stretched to save ;
Mothers their infants close clasping,
Panting, and struggling, and gasping,
Found there a watery grave.

Young men and maidens—the pride of that beautiful city,
In agony gave up their breath ;
Over two hundred pale faces,
Locked in the river's embraces ;
Brooded the Spirit of Death.

Horror of horrors! what mortal can picture the meeting
When relatives searching their dead;
Clasping in love's fond embraces,
Kissing the cold, clammy faces,
Knowing the spirit had fled?

Parents of many a dainty and sweet household treasure
There all unthinkingly roam;
Find on the margin reposing,
Mud from their dank garments oozing,
Those deemed safe in their home.

Clasping one form, then another, another, another,
From which the sweet spirit had fled;
Fortitude nothing availing,
Loud was the wild bitter wailing,
Mourning their loved and their dead.

Over the bride of a day fell the curtain of darkness,
That suddenly stayèd her breath;
Over the father, the mother;
Over the sister, the brother;
Brooded the Spirit of Death.

Willie, the only fair branch from the tree where he budded
And blossomed in manhood's young pride;
With his betrothed in the river,
Death has united for ever,
There lay the bridegroom and bride.

There in the arms of her father who tenderly bearing
Priscilla, his joy and his pride;
Long streamed her bright golden tresses
As to his bosom he presses—
All that is left by the tide.

Mourn! mourn and weep ye all for the strangers
Who came in your pleasure to share;

'Midst all the loved and the cherished,
 Clinton's fresh flow'rets have perished ;
 Death ! cruel Death ! would not spare

Even the sweetest and purest of lovely young girlhood,
 Or infants in innocent glee ;
 He to his kingdom forever,
 Bore through the slime of the river,
 All that was fairest to see.

Mourn ! mourn and weep ye all for the lonely,
 Of earth's dearest treasures bereft !
 Brooding all dreary and cheerless ;
 Bending in agony tearless ;
 Moaning o'er all that is left.

Mourn ! mourn and weep, thou desolate city !
 For thy hearthstones are stripped of their pride,
 Morning rejoiced in their gladness ;
 Noon knew no shadow of sadness ;
 Eve saw them washed by the tide.

THE DESTROYER.

At the feet of one unheeding ;
 One more life, for life is pleading ;
 Eyes his inmost soul are reading.

Turn the coward glance away ;
 She hath yet of more delay,
 Sink the heart with woeful anguish riven
 In the links within the breast,
 There's for her, no rest—no rest !
 And no hope !—no hope in him, or heaven.

Rushes crimson to the cheeks ;
While the voice in pleading speaks,
Speaks in tones of passionate vain appealing
To the cold, dead heart within,
Lost in vice, and lust, and sin,
Lost to every pure and noble feeling.

Sweetest voice no longer charms;
Thrust aside the clinging arms;
Arms that his ignoble form imprison;
In the rush of worldly strife,
What cares he for that young life—
Darkened ere its day had fairly risen.
Life that numbers eighteen years,
Crushed in agony and tears,
Doth no conscience in his breast awaken,
Who with Satan's wiles first came;
He—who lured her to her shame
Leaveth her alone !—alone !—forsaken !

Mid the shades of evening creeping,
All in gloom and sadness steeping;
Is there sound of bitter weeping ?

Ah, no !—no sigh or groan,
Or faintest weary moan
Telleth of the anguish that oppresses :
Pale and statue-like she stands ;
Tightly clasped her folded hands ;
Loosely fall her long dishevelled tresses.
Fixed and cold, the anguished eye
Looketh fourth on vacancy ;
Or as if within its vision turning,
See'th with its weary gaze,
Nothing but a tangled maze ;
Nothing but the soul's sad inward yearning.

Blacker grow the shades of night ;
Softly steals the young daylight,
Peeps within that darkened gloomy chamber ;
Beameth on a pale still face ;
There the lines of suff'ring trace ;
Lighteth up the rippling tresses amber.
Peereth in the closing eye,
Once the home of witchery ;
Bright with youth's fresh intellect and gladness ;
Soulless, dull, and still it seems ;
Giveth forth no living beams ;
Something more is here than quiet sadness.

In the light of morning creeping ;
Mid no sound of woe or weeping ;
Death, his silent watch is keeping.

Mourn woman !—mourn o'er all our land !
Mourn for the fairest of thy band,
Torn from thy side by evil hand !
The spoiler spread his toils with care ;
The hapless bird fell in the snare :
Mourn !—mourn for her ! the young and fair.

Mourn, woman !—mourn the early dead !
Pray retribution just and dread,
Fall on the fell destroyer's head,
Who robbed the hearthstone of its pride !
Who plucked the flower and flung it wide !
And there, it faded !—drooped !—and died !

Mourn, woman !—mourn !—o'er all our land
No law hath held thy household band
Safe from the fell destroyer's hand :
No bolts, no bars, his form constrain :
E'en social freedom lets—remain
To ply his fiendish arts again.

Oh thou !—who harbourest by thy hearth,
This creature of ignoble birth ;
This reptile !—crawler of the earth !
Who from the fold the lamb hath torn :
This wretch !—who brings thy name to scorn,
Mourn for thyself, oh woman !—mourn.

"SEE THAT HE BE VIRTUOUSLY BROUGHT UP."

It was in an Episcopal Church
On a beautiful morn in December ;
When taking a seat in my pew,
With the high chancel windows in view—
All bordered with crimson and blue ;
Whose splendour I well can remember ;
For the glitter attracted my sight,
" Like a moth that is lured to the light ;"
This last not a line of my making :
While enraptured I gazed at the tone
Of the mingling of crimson and blue ;
That in diamonded panes met my view ;
Truth sadly compels me to own
In state between sleeping and waking :
I heard scarce a word of the prayers ;
And vaguely the beautiful airs
From the choir fell soft on mine ear :
The sound of a foot drawing near,
A shadow 'tween me and the light
Dispels all mine imagery bright,
Awakens me out of my dreaming,
And lays bare this sin of my soul.
The sexton appears with a bowl,

Which held (as an emblem, within)
 The water to wash away sin.
 From the half-open vestry door near,
 A man and a woman appear;
 And over her shoulder bright, beaming,
 The loveliest infant I see
 That e'er graced a fond parent's knee:
 I knew at a glance 'twas a girl;
 The hair did so wilfully curl
 And softly caress the white temple.
 The face was a picture to see,
 Of brightness, and beauty, and glee;
 And round the sweet mouth played a dimple.
 I have told you before that this pearl
 I knew at a glance was a girl.

The clergyman stood 'fore the pair,
 And earnestly prayer after prayer
 Poured forth from his lips; then he took
 The babe in his arms; and with look
 Of earnest devotion, he dipped
 His hand in the water; then raising
 It high o'er the infant's bright head
 In low, solemn voice slowly said:
 I baptize thee, Thomas ——, amazing
 Some others, I think, besides me,
 For never in life did I see—
 What appeared a more beautiful she.
 Well! but for this sudden transition
 This volume had known an omission;
 These verses had never been writ';
 Nor would any have found them to fit
 On this, or on any occasion.
 And now for all good they will do,
 Dear reader to me, or to you,
 Had better have known an erasion.

Who putteth his hand to the pen,
In the hope he will benefit men ;
Then throweth it down in despair,
Is unworthy a thought or a care ;
So again to my subject I hasten,
Which subject is smiling at me
In rollicking, infantile glee.
Ah, laugh babe, while yet thou art free !
For the cares that thy manhood must see,
Full soon will thy merriment chasten.
The brow now so smooth, and so fair,
Will be furrowed by many a care ;
The guileless young bosom within,
Polluted with many a sin ——
" See that he be virtuously brought up ! "

Though low fell the tones on mine ear ;
And yet so distinctly, so clear,
Every sense was absorbed by their meaning.
What might not our Canada be
Were the youth of our country kept free
From the vices and lusts of the age ;
How pure were our history's page—
These thoughts in my brain were careening.
I heard not the finishing prayers ;
I heard not the beautiful airs ;
The sermon was lost to my ken ;
I heard but the deep-toned Amen ;
Then with the assembly retreating—
As homeward I went my lone way,
And on to the close of the day
These words in my brain were repeating—
" See that he be virtuously brought up ! "

Ah, poor little babe ! had'st thou been
A sweet little girl ! then I ween,

There had been a hope, that thy mother,
 Some friend, or relation, or other,
 Had taught thee in virtue's fair way ;
 Had made thee a prop and a stay,
 Nor left thee to fall into evil :
 But a boy from the want of all care,
 That he with his sister should share ;
 Falls into each pitfall and snare
 That's placed in his way by the devil.
 Does anyone speak to his face
 Of the sin, of the shame, the disgrace
 That falls on the family human ;
 That falls with the blight of a frost,
 Where honour and virtue are lost,
 Alike upon man—as on woman.
 " See that *he* be virtuously brought up ! "

Oh parents of babies as sweet,
 Do you think of the vows you repeat ?
 Do you think of the promises given ;
 When degraded by passions unchained
 Your sons are polluted and stained,
 Unfitted for earth or for heaven ?

Ah, Thomas ! sweet child ! should'st thou see
 These lines I have penn'd upon thee ;
 Know that honour, and virtue, are more
 Than myriad jewels in store.
 The brow that no sin hath defaced,
 More lovely than limner e'er traced ;
 With angels in purity vieing ;
 The lips that have never known lying.
 For passions leave pitiful trace
 On the mind, on the form, on the face ;
 That nothing but death can erase.
 Thou art a Canadian born ;
 Oh, let not the finger of scorn

Be pointed at thee! May thy name
Embellish the pages of fame.
And in quick coming years, should it be,
That sons may be given to thee;
"See that they be virtuously brought up!"

LINES, WRITTEN ON A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

DEAR friend, accept this little flower,
In token of my love sincere;
And may it bear within its buds,
The blossoms of a glad New Year.

ON THE SAME, WITH A PANSY.

MAY this sweet flower bring ease of heart,
And peace of mind to thee, my dear;
And may its influence impart
A brightness to the coming year.



ON THE SAME, WITH MIGNONETTE.

THE perfume sweet arising from this flower,
Hath soothed my senses many a weary hour ;
May it to thee convey a memory dear,
And breathe its perfume o'er a glad new year.

ON THE SAME, WITH A ROSE.

I SEND thee a token
To sooth thy sad hours ;
'Twill speak to thy heart
In the language of flowers,

In its petals enfolded,
My spirit is near,
To wish thee, my darling,
A happy New Year.

CARD TO —

DEAR friends my little offering take,
And keep it for the giver's sake ;
With many thanks for Christmas cheer,
I wish you both a glad New Year.

CARD TO ———

DEAR friend, the happy day I passed
With thee and thine; it still doth cast
A radiance o'er my lonely way,
A warm, a bright, a shining ray.
That perfect home, beside whose hearth
I sat and mingled in thy mirth;
May love forever linger near,
And bless to thee,—the coming year.

TO A MEDICAL STUDENT.

OH gracious M. D. C. M. thou
Art dearer to my mem'ry now
Since L. R. C. P. add their glow,
To name, whose lustre all will know.

Could W. X. Y. Z. be given,
I'd deem thee greatest under heaven;
Loved Andrew, youth to fortune dear,
I wish thee many a glad New Year.



ON THE SAME.

MORE blest than all before
Thy New Year be ;
Yet still as in the past,
Remember me !

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1880.

FAREWELL old Year !—I mourn that we should part,
For thou hast been to me of all most dear
That have passed o'er my head since childhood's hour.
No poignant grief hast thou brought to my heart ;
No petty trials like to those gone by :
Thou'st let me have my fill of hopes as sweet
As e'er gave joy to mortals of this sphere.
Thou'st let Ambition wing his highest flight :
Ah who can know ! in thy successor's reign,
How may his soaring pinions droop and fail ;
And I be stranded on a barren shore,
A shattered wreck ! sans rudder !—anchorless !—
When my heart's love has gone before the world :
And as the breakers, wild with angry roar,
Dash the frail craft upon the rock-bound shore,
So may a howling pack of critics maul
And mangle my poor work (ere yet it reach
A haven sure, where love shall hold it safe) ;
Nor think each scratch of the unconscious quill
May draw the author's life-blood from the veins.

Farewell Old Year ! but ere we part for aye,
 Teach me how I may earliest win the heart
 Of thy successor, that I may make a friend
 So like to thee, that during his short reign
 All may go well with me, as in the past ;
 When thou and I did'st journey down life's stream ;
 I, fondly musing o'er the joys that came
 To me when thou wert young ; and still did'st cling
 To me, through all thy glorious happy reign.
 Farewell !—far sweeter memories round thee cling
 Than those that trod with me my early spring !—

THERE'S A BEAUTY THAT NEVER CAN DIE.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A SPINSEER OF UNCERTAIN AGE.

THERE'S a charm that no time can erase ;
 It is not of the form or the face ;
 It is not in the shade of the hair ;
 It is not in the skin soft and fair ;
 It is not in the blush on the cheek,
 That the freshness of youth doth bespeak,
 Ah no ! 'tis not any of these,
 These outward allurements that please.

It is found in the heart that is true ;
 In the mind that is pure as the dew
 That falls from the heavens at night :
 It is seen in the eye's tender light ;
 It ripples in love from the lip
 Though no lover the sweetness may sip :
 Undimmed by the years as they roll ;
 'Tis the beauty that dwells in the soul.

CANADIAN BATTLE SONG.

TALES have been told, and songs been sung
Of many a bloody fight ;
Where England's, Scotland's, Ireland's sons
Have battled for the right.
Where lance met lance, and broadswords clashed
In the days of long ago ;
And where roar of cannon deafens now
As they rush upon the foe.
But I sing of war in another strain,
Of a strife that's nobler far
Than the contests waged for lady's love
In the olden time of war ;
Or the battles won for a nation's fame
On foreign land and flood,
Where England's, Scotland's, Ireland's swords
Have reeked with heathen blood.

Arise ! Canadians arise !
And gird your armour on ;
The foe is marching to your doors,
The time for truce has gone.
A leader dire, with host of dread,
Your country doth invade ;
Your cities, towns, and hamlets tell
The ruin he has made.
How weak the arm that's raised to stay
His desolating hand ;
Victim on victim, falleth low
Before his conquering band.
Where is their pride ? Their honour where ?
All dead, and cold within.
Oh, cowards all ! Lo ! they bow the knee
Before the conqueror Sin.

The faint resistance overcome,
Before his feet they lie,
Entranced by his perfidious wiles
They neither fight nor fly.
And they who once were free from stain,
How soiled their bright array.
He hath salved them o'er with his slimy touch
As the serpent doth his prey.
One swears allegiance unto him
In the voice of oaths most foul;
And one quaffs the cup, for the love of him,
To the ruin of his soul.
The libertine his way pursues,
Nor sees the Eye above,
That marks the desolation spread
By his unhallowed love.
One cheats, one steals, one sinks so deep
In the steps that Sin hath trod,
That murder oft' pollutes the soul
That once lived near to God.
Made, in His image,—Man, art thou!—
Well!—Are these fallen more low
Than he who follows afar, and lifts
No hand to stay the foe?

Arise! Canadians arise!
And gird you for the fight.
Come forth an army brave and strong,
And battle for the right.
Lay low your dens of infamy,
Your halls of sin and shame.
Can I sing to you of love—sweet love!
While you degrade its name?

Arise! Canadians arise!
Your patriot work begin;

And step by step, and inch by inch,
Press back the fiend of Sin.
Let not your land, your heart's best love,
By Sin's foul foot be trod,
Hold up your country's fame!—a gem,
To grace the crown of God.

LINES TO——.

AN evening. 'Twas of June the last!
I wandered in a garden fair,
And gathered flow'rets as I passed,
Of perfume sweet, and beauty rare;
And idly as I wandered there,
I plucked their petals one by one
And flung them on the evening air
Unmindful of the mischief done.
For all my senses were absorbed
In glory of the setting sun.

But what of beauty can enchain
The mind (that holds one sacred place,)
When mem'ry bringeth back again
A day no distance can erase.
'Twas thus with me! for as I passed
A lovely rose bush came to view;
One glance upon its sweets I cast;
And then I thought of you,
My friend, of many moons gone by,
My trusted, tried, and true.

I stooped and picked a lovely rose,
Unmindful of the thorn ;
Unmindful of the blood that flows
From tender fingers torn ;
Unmindful of the sunset's flame,
Fast fading into grey ;
My mind was haunted by a name,
And by a by-gone day ;
When I breathed the breath of a rose,
Whose sweets will live with me for aye.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

A FRAGMENT.

DARK Night her sable mantle threw
O'er slumbering Clinton ; steeped in dew
Was every bush and flower and tree ;
And Nature sighing dreamily
Had sunk to rest ; that 'freshed at morn,
Rising more beauteous—to adorn
With brighter green, and flowers gay,
Fair Ella Leigh—thy wedding day.
Sweet Nature sleeps, yet rests not long ;
Aurora 'roused her with a song.

“Awake ! the morning cometh soon ;
Low westward fades the waning moon ;
Ye stars, go hide your feeble ray !
Wake, chanticler, proclaim the day !
Awake, ye warblers of the grove !
Pour forth your sweetest songs of love.

Awake, ye trees ! awake, ye flowers !
Let perfume from your leafy bowers
Upon the air like incense rise
To bless the Ruler of the skies."

Into fresh life sweet Nature starts ;
The silvery crested moon departs ;
The stars withdrew from mortals' sight,
And darkness melted into light.

Above the tree-tops darkly green,
The rosy flush of morn is seen ;
And slowly spreading far and high
Blends softly with the orient sky.
With early morning's blushing face,
Up rose the sun with stately grace ;
With ling'ring touch and warm caress
Bathing in light and loveliness
The brook, the houses, and the trees,
And little dwellings where the bees
Through aerial paths, a trackless road,
Industrious homeward bear their load.

The summer wind, so soft and sweet,
Came o'er the hills the morn to greet,
And gently kissed in breezy mirth
The pure and blushing face of Earth.
The favourite robins, and the thrush,
And grey-birds sing on every bush ;
Joining in Earth's triumphant choir,
'They pour their love notes on the air.

A maiden from her lattice high
Leans forth to gaze upon the sky ;
In robe of purest white arrayed
Her girlish beauty was displayed ;

Her large, dark, dreamy eyes were bent
Upon the azure firmament ;
Soft rippled from her forehead fair
In wavy mass her long dark hair ;
Her velvet cheek with carmine glows ;
Her lips in colour vied the rose ;
Her lovely form, a witching face,
Her every movement fraught with grace.
Was ever aught more fair than thee,
Young, winsome, lovely, Ella Leigh ?
Of sisters three the sweetest flower
That bloomed within that maiden bower ;
Where taste with luxury combined,
Told of a rare and gifted mind—
A nature passionate and strong,
Maintaining right, condemning wrong ;
Yet ever in her softer mood
The gentlest type of womanhood.

The sound of quickly hurrying feet
Now breaks upon her reverie sweet ;
'Mid whispered words of eager tone
The chamber door is open thrown ;
And lightly bound into the space
Two nymphs endued with nature's grace.
A simple robe their forms enclose,
That softly from the shoulder flows
In rippling waves of azure dye,
E'en paler than the mid-day sky ;
By contrast showed that beauty rare—
A diadem of golden hair.
No corset's iron clasp has traced
On either form the taper waist ;
Where art sublime with nature vies,
That odious fashion gasps and dies.
(Thank God distortion's reign is o'er,
And human insects live no more.)

Thus Nature shows, with glance of pride,
The fair twin sisters of the bride,
Who, circling round in mazy dance,
With mimic awe and wonder glance
Above their sister's stately head ;
And thus, as round and round they sped,
Each to her mate this song was singing ;
The girlish voices sweetly ringing
Far out upon the morning air,
Mingling with voice of songster there ;
Inciting him to louder strain
While joining in the wild refrain.

" Sister, dost thou see the halo
O'er our regal Ella thrown ;
Ever glimmering, ever bright'ning,
Since Love claimed her for his own ?

CHORUS—" See the halo ! see the halo
O'er our stately Ella shed !
Sister ! sister ! see the halo
Love hath circled round her head.

" We can scarce her form distinguish,
It hath been so glorified,
Since the day that Evan won her,
Won our Ella for his bride.
See the halo, &c.

" When before the holy altar
Priests unite these lovers twain,
Will she vanish from our vision,
Or return to earth again ?
See the halo, &c."

"Torments!" exclaimed the bride, "Away!

O if still near me you must stay,

Aid me my person to array

In yonder gorgeous robe, and see

That I shame not the house of Leigh:

For thou hast heard our grandma say

That in her bygone youthful day

The loveliest brides that eye could see

Were offsprings of the house of Leigh.

So if I be with temper tainted;

Or if as black as Sin is painted;

To-day I must be lovelier far

Than Venus, or the morning star—

That I be handed down to Fame,

A maiden worthy of my name."

Then in a sad soliloquy:

"Sweet name! And must I part with thee?

No more be known as Ella Leigh?

No more at happy eventide—

With loving household hearts allied—

Mingling in merry laugh and wit,

Shall I beside the hearthstone sit.

Another home my voice will cheer—

Ah! can it ever be more dear?

No more my form in weary hour

Shall rest within this fairy bower,

That all my childish joys have seen,

With many a sorrow mixed between;

For childish tears full oft were shed

O'er thee, my downy curtained bed.

Ah! life is mingled joy and woe;

And of the future who may know?

"Away, ye doubts! away, ye fears!

Away to hidden caves, ye tears!

Nor of the inward coward speak,

Nor dim her eyes, nor stain her cheek!

I on my wedding day must be
The fairest of the house of Leigh.
Yes, fairest for thy sake, my Evan,
To whom my fondest love is given ;
That sweet remembrance round thee cling—
Of her, who in her early spring,
Plighted her troth one lovely morn
To her heart's chosen—Evan Lorne.”



Part the Fifth,



INTRODUCTION.



N the following pages I'll ring me a rhyme
That will fit every age, every nation and clime ;
Though my muse in her first infant efforts may
rove,
Will she not touch the heart when she whispers
of love ?

Canst thou, my dear reader, resist the sweet voice
Of the little winged god, when he bids thee rejoice ?
No more o'er thy griefs and thy trials make moan :
Ope thy ear to the sound of his soft cooing tone.

Let him enter and make in thy bosom a rest ;
The truest, the sweetest, the holiest guest ;
Let him banish the grief and the gloom from thy way ;
Rejoice in the sunshine of Love's perfect day.

VALENTINE.

ARISE ye muses ! take your flight !
In haste attain Parnassus' height !
And give me aid to tell my love
In words the coldest heart would move.
Caliope my pen inspire !
Euterpe wake thy sweetest lyre !

To my belovèd draw thou near,
And softly breathe into his ear
The words my lips refuse to speak—
And spare the blushes on my cheek !

VALENTINE.

SINCE first, fair maid, thy azure orbs
Looked shyly into mine ;
A 'whelming rush of sweetness came
To flood my soul with love's sweet flame :
Ah, who my eagerness can blame,
If I implore the Nine
To aid me, dearest, to express
The bliss, the perfect happiness
That would be mine, if thou would'st bless
The lover thou hast won
With faintest beam from Hope's bright ray,
To guide him on his lonely way.

TO MARY.

FAIR as the blossom that springs on the thorn ;
Pure as the dew-drop that gemmeth the morn ;
Mary ! my love will be ever thine own ;
Here in this heart hath thine image its throne.

Here while I live will thy form be enshrined ;
Round thee hath every hope fondly twined :
Blessings forever attend on thy way ;
Soul of my soul ! and my life's guiding ray.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

ADOWN the troubled stream of Time sweet strains of music
flow ;
Proceeding from a sacred source found sixteen years ago.
I listen to the violin's sweet strains, to mem'ry dear ;
And " dreaming now of Allie," is the song I love to hear.

I'm " dreaming now of Allie," How its echoes haunt me
yet,
'Tis stealing on my senses with a sad and sweet regret ;
It hath no mocking in its tones fraternal sweet and clear,
And " dreaming now of Allie " is the song I love to hear.

VALENTINE.

SINCE Cupid first drew bow, no barbed dart,
E'er pierced with truer aim a loving heart ;
Than this ! the bright winged god hath aimed at me ;
To prove his wondrous skill in archery.
Ne'er did mine eyes with raptured gaze behold
A form more perfect cast in nature's mould :
I look into those eyes, deep limpid wells!
And see a soul where naught but goodness dwells.

I mark with ecstasy 'twere vain to speak
The timorous blush ascend thy virgin cheek—
For ten long years I've stood 'gainst missiles proof;
And from the fair have ever kept aloof;
Only, alas!—to fall a victim now,
Where all my fellow madmen vainly bow
In hopeless homage at thy lovely shrine:
Knowing this earth a heaven if thou wert mine!

VALENTINE TO A POET.

1880.

ONCE only have I met thee!
And who the bliss can tell
Who paint the flood of ecstasy
That swept my soul, when thy dark eye
(Resplendent in its brilliancy
And sympathetic power).
Looked into mine and wove a spell
That made my heart with rapture swell;
And I became (what need to tell?)
Thy captive from that hour.



VALENTINE TO THE SAME.

1881.

A YEAR has passed fond love of mine !
And often have we met,
I gaze into those eyes of thine,
And feel a wild regret
That I have not the power to move,
Thy lofty soul to kindred love.

I wing me to Parnassus' height ;
Invoke the sacred Nine ;
They bid me crush within my heart
This unsought love of mine ;
But naught can quell the sacred flame
That burns when mortals speak thy name.

If naught can move thy soul to love,
Though Pitho aid my line ;
I'll seek no more to meet thine eyes
Belovèd Valentine :
I'll plunge me deep in Lethe's wave,
Where love and life shall find a grave.



VALENTINE TO THE SAME.

1882.

ANOTHER year its course hath rolled,
And still, fond love, I dwell
Upon the memory of the past ;
With yearnings none may tell.

In vain I left for other scenes
The "Eden" where we met ;
Go where I might, strive how I would ;
I could not thee forget.

I saw thy dark eye's splendour still ;
Thy voices' 'wildering tone
Spoke in the music of the trees,—
By summer soft winds blown.

The clouds of heaven that o'er me moved,
High soaring, wild, and free ;
The blue waves as they kissed the shore
Reminded me of thee.

They tell me thou art linked to fame ;
Thy lofty soul hath won
The goal on which thy hopes were set,—
Ere shone thy noon-day sun.

Oh poet soul ! from heights above
Turn pitying eyes on me,
Whose one ambition was to win—
A tender thought from thee,

Farewell thou dream of days gone by ;
 May endless fame be thine !
 Yet 'mongst thy tend'rest memories keep
 A place for Valentine.

LINES TO ———.

My fancy fondly lingers round the hour
 When last we met ;
 I breathe the dainty perfume of the flower
 Thou gavest me ; and still I feel thy power ;
 Ne'er have I let
 One thought that would degrade thee entrance find
 Within the precincts of my woman's mind—
 For often strove
 The unclean tongues of scandal to belie :
 For thee I yet would live, for thee could die,
 My only love.

ANSWER TO A VALENTINE.

SWEET thy remembrance
 Sweet ! sweet ! to me ;
 Friends true and faithful
 E'er let us be.

Though seas divide us ;
 Though reft apart :
 Still thy remembrance
 Lives in my heart.

VALENTINE.

LIST to me tenderly while I confess
All that my heart feels for thee ;
Could'st thou my fingers but lovingly press,
Courage were given to me ;
Courage to tell thee I wish thou wert mine,
Fondly I love thee, mine own Valentine.

VALENTINE.

TARRY no longer, I weary wait ;
Weary and wilful, at war with fate ;
Longing for words of endearing tone,
Speaking of scenes that are past and gone.

Hasten thy coming my sight to bless ;
Hunger I still for thy lips caress ;
Thirst as the flower that turns to heaven,
When earth is dry, and the clouds are riven.

Thou art my thought through the day's expanse
Thou art my dream through the night's long trance
Given by heaven, joy's fulness to prove ;
Soul of my soul ! and my heart's fond love.

VALENTINE.

LOVELY Kate ! dark eyed darling !
Listen to my simple strain ;
Listen to the voice that loveth ;
Treat me not with cold disdain.

Thee I love ! love thee only !
In this breast there is a shrine,
Filled with thee, my own beloved ;
Thy sweet image only thine.

Lovely Kate ! hear my pleading !
Hear my prayer, thou soul of mine !
Hear me lovingly entreating
Thee, to be my valentine.

VALENTINE.

DID we but live when god and goddess reigned
In high Olympus ; nor their power disdained
To aid poor mortals in a desperate hour ;
I'd call on Jove with all his bolts of power
To blast the Fates, who set thy natal day,
From mine, so many luckless moons away.
Though more than twice that distance Ashmead skips
To raise the golden nectar to his lips.
Doth Plutus aid fair Coutts to bind him true ?
Or "distance lend enchantment to the view ?"
If thus it be that distance beauties make,
I'll wish me four score years for thy sweet sake,

VALENTINE.

ONE of the nymphs (at the party last night)
Hath given her heart to thee ;
Thou did'st clasp her hand in the mazy dance ;
She looked in thine eyes with a soul entranced,
And nobody else could she see.

The very first time that her eyes met thine,
She never will tell thee where,
Low her glances down to the earth were bent ;
And a crimson flush to her forehead went ;
With a feeling all new and rare.

If ever, Sir Knight, thou should'st wish to see,
Or learn who this nymph may be ;
Know her face it was neither dark nor fair ;
Something peculiar she wore in her hair,
And her smile was ever for thee.

Whether pretty or not she will not say,
Yet still she wishes to see
If the modest attractions that fell to her lot
Will not touch thy heart in its tenderest spot ;
For her happiness centres in thee.

If ever she meets at a party again
Him whom she most wishes to see ;
She will dress her hair in peculiar style,
And smile on him, only as love can smile ;
And then he will know it is she.

TENDER MEMORIES.

ONLY an evening with one beloved !
But none can tell what that eve' has proved ;
It shines through darkness, and toil and strife,
A golden beam in the path of life.

Only an evening ! 'tis past and gone ;
But memory fondly lingers on
The tender glance of a loving eye ;
The soft hand clasp and the low breathed sigh.

Only an evening ! but who can tell
How the pulse will throb, the heart will swell ;
As memory doth my mind beguile ;
I touch thy hand, and I see thy smile.

Only an evening with thee beloved !
But none can tell what that eve' has proved ;
It shines through darkness, and toil, and strife ;
A golden beam in the path of life.

SONG.

IN sweet day dreams, I softly tell
This truth to thee— I love so well ;
Thy presence hath a magic spell—
Beloved,

I think of thee so weary, worn ;
From me in bitter anguish torn ;
In silent loneliness I mourn—

Beloved.

Thy spirit hovers round me yet ;
Though in the hour when last we met
My star of hope arose and set—

Beloved.

At morn I wake to think of thee ;
At noon and eve thou'rt aye with me ;
At night I sleep to dream of thee—

Beloved.

I hunger still thy face to see ;
I thirst for one fond word from thee ;
Art weary wandering far from me—

Beloved ?

LINES TO ———.

I KNOW that the one whom thou seekest
Is lovely ! is half divine !
But beats there a heart in her bosom
As tender and true as mine ?

Will she love thee if wealth should perish,
And struggles and hardships come ?
Will she be thy comfort in sorrow,
The light and joy of thy home ?

Will she gently tend thee in sickness,
And soothe thy aching brow ?
Oh if ever a doubt has crossed thee,
Let it's whisper reach thee now !

There is one whom thou little heedest,
Though in life's rough way ye meet ;
One who nervous, and shy and awkward
Laid her homage at thy feet.

For she looked not for outward beauty,
But a true, good heart within ;
And not being a Venus or Circe,
She could not hope to win.

Yet she still has an interest in thee
Though love and fate are at strife ;
And oh she would wish to save thee
From a loveless wedded life.

VALENTINE.

ENSHRINED within my inmost heart doth dwell
The memory of that evening ; none can tell
What hidden feeling doth my bosom swell.

I know not what it was ! what could it be
That did bewitch me so ; that when with thee,
That room with light and warmth seemed heaven to me ?

Oh ! could I live where I thy face could see !
Some sweet, soft breath or precious essence be
That thou would'st feel,—and thus remember me.

VALENTINE.

LOVELIEST maid that breathes the air !
Sweetest Annie !
Form so graceful, face so fair ;
Darling Annie !
Idol of my soul art thou !
At thy shrine I daily bow,
Daily I behold thee ;
Oft' I long thy lips to kiss,
Oh ! what rapture ! Oh ! what bliss !
In my arms to fold thee !
Oh ! my darling ! Oh ! my love !
How can I affection prove ?

REVERIE.

IN sweetest dreams I often see
A graceful form flit merrily,
In gallop wild ;
Again there comes upon me stealing,
That innocent lighthearted feeling ;
The depth of confidence revealing ;
That as a child
I ever felt where goodness reigned ;
And mem'ry hath my heart enchained,

TO SADIE.

THE loveliest form that ever charmed the eye,
Is thine sweet Sadie;
The sweetest smile that ever made man sigh,
Is thine dear lady.
Thy hazel eye with beam so soft and clear;
Its glance I'm missing;
Thy coral lips and lovely dimples dear;
How sweet for kissing.
Thy dark, abundant, beauteous auburn hair,—
How rare to toy with;
Thou'lt be to every wretched man a snare,—
Whom thou art coy with.
Oh! fill my sad and lonely heart with bliss,—
Most lovely maiden;
Would'st grant me one sweet, perfect, heavenly kiss,
I'd be in Eden.

VALENTINE.

No tongue can tell the tender feeling,
That cometh softly o'er me stealing,
When e'er I think of thee;
Thy matchless form my eye enchanted,
My heart with soft emotions panted,
When first I looked on thee;
Oh! why my love, should we be parted!
Why lonely leave me, broken hearted!

If I am far from thee,—
This fragile form will fade and wither ;
And mingle with the purer ether,—
In spirit roving free ;
My heart which will be thine forever,
A viewless essence still will quiver,
And ever beat for thee.

LINES TO ———

A YEAR has past, and yet no tender line,
Breathing affection sweet, and pure, and true ;
No billet-doux has met my longing view ;
No tender word ! Oh ! coldest love of mine !

And yet my heart turns fondly unto thee,
As turns the sunflower to the god of day ;
Thou art my sun ! Oh ! turn one warming ray,
Of all thy glorious beams ! and smile on me.

VALENTINE.

TENDERLY I think of thee when absent ;
Think of all thy kindness, all thy worth ;
Lose my heart while dwelling on thy accents,
List'ning to the music of thy mirth.

Mem'ry with her tender, loving witch'ry
Bringeth back thy voice and smile to me ;
Mingleth with my daily avocations ;
Thus I'm ever thinking, love, of thee.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

MAY happiness attend thy steps
O'er life's oft troubled way ;
Thy brightest hopes be realized,
And love be thine for aye.

SONG.—BROWN AND BLUE.

ONLY an hour in a lifetime !
Mingled with pleasure and pain ;
Still with what passionate yearning
Mem'ry recalls thee again.

Only an hour in a lifetime !
Mixture of bliss and alloy ;
Over the road slowly wending,
Over the rough corduroy.

Only a moment the hands clasp
Tendearly, loving and true ;
Only a moment while hearts throb,
Brown eyes look into the blue.

Still doth that glance haunt thy musings,
Clear as the crystalline dew :
Could but one moment again, love,
Brown eyes look into the blue ,

TO MARY.—SONG.

Do NOT leave me ! do not leave me !
How shall I the parting bear ?
Hast thou in thy heart no mercy ?
Think, oh think of my despair !
When I see thee nevermore.

Do not leave me ! do not leave me ;
Thou hast been my guiding star !
Ever softly beaming on me,
Sometimes near, and sometimes far,
With thy tender eye of blue.

Should'st thou leave me, should'st thou leave me,
Oh how desolate I'd be !
Oh how lonely and forsaken,
When thy face no more I'd see !
Unto all eternity.

WHAT WAS IT ?

WE wandered in the maple grove ;
We might have thought ;—
I will not say we did not think ;
But still I vow,—
I vow we never spoke of love.

What made my heart with rapture swell ?
It might have been :—
It might have been the sunset's glow ;
Ah, no ! ah, no !
And what it was, how can I tell ?

What caused my glance the earth to seek ?
It might have been—
It might have been a falling leaf !—
Ah, no ! ah, no !—
It was a whisker brushed my cheek.

SERENADE.

FAIRER than Eve in the garden of Eden ;
Sweeter than daisies that spring in the grove ;
Loveliest maid on the margin of Huron,
List' while I tell thee my love.
Oh listen ! sweet—listen !
My dearest one listen !
Oh list' while I tell thee my love !

Cheeks red as roses, and lips sweetly smiling ;
Eyes bright as stars in the heaven above ;
Fairest, and sweetest, and dearest of maidens,
List' while I tell thee my love !
Oh listen ! sweet—listen !
My dearest one listen !
Oh list' while I tell thee my love !

Thou art the sweetest of earth's fairest blossoms,
Love, for thy witching smiles vainly I strove ;
Long have I woo'd thee with passionate yearning ;
List' while I tell thee my love.
Oh listen ! sweet—listen !
My dearest one listen !
Oh list' while I tell thee my love !

EVA.

SHE watched o'er the couch where in anguish I lay,
Through the dark, lonely night, till the breaking of day ;
With low soothing accents and pitying love,
Like saints and like angels we dream of above.

Evangeline, gentlest of nurses, may He
Who watches o'er all, keep safe watch over thee ;
May He guard thee and keep thee through life's troubled
way,
As thou hast watched me till the breaking of day.

TO REBECCA.

How changed I am since Christmas came,
When at the fortune telling game,
The Fates first whispered me thy name—
Rebecca.

Love lingers near with every wile,
Where e'er I turn I see thy smile ;
Thy beauty doth my mind beguile—
Rebecca.

In twilight I the garden pace,
And dwell upon thy lovely face ;
Combining every winning grace—
Rebecca.

Thy dark brown curls so soft and rare
 Creep down and kiss thy forehead fair ;
 I'd twine them if I did but dare—

Rebecca.

How dearly, dearly do I prize
 The soul that lights those dark blue eyes,
 'Tis extract from the evening skies—

Rebecca.

I've longed for thee this many a year,
 Thou who art to my soul so dear ;
 Thou who wilt come my life to cheer—

Rebecca.

Oh, hasten then kind fate's decree,
 And bless the hour that gives me thee,
 The partner of my life to be—

Rebecca.

SONG FOR LEAP YEAR.

THIS world's a world of misery,
 Sage people often say ;
 Away with all their prophesies,
 I'm happy, dear to-day.
 I'm happy ! yes, I'm happy now !
 As ever I can be.
 This world's a world of happiness,
 My love, when I'm with thee.

I will not let my mind dwell on
 The thought that we must part ;

I'll grasp this moment's happiness
And twine it round my heart.
I'm happy ! yes, I'm happy now !
As ever I can be.
My heart o'erflows with happiness,
My love, when I'm with thee.

I cannot bear to think of what
My lot in life would be,
If I had not the blessedness
Of being love with thee.
I'm happy ! yes, I'm happy now,
As ever I can be ;
My heart overflows with happiness,
My love, when I'm with thee.

Then leave me not to loneliness,
To sighing and to tears ;
O'er life's departed happiness
In all the coming years ;
But let me be in weal or woe,
Thy life's bright star to thee :
My only hope of happiness
Is being love, with thee.

PAH.

SONG : AT LAST.

At last thou art come, oh, my darling,
To see thy poor Annie once more,
My heart now is flooded with sunshine,
And troubles, and trials, are o'er.

Oh, long have I looked for thy coming,
With aching heart, weary and sore ;
With eyes sad and wistful with watching,
I felt I must see thee once more.

Oh, blessed are the moments when near thee,
However so rapid they run ;
My heart warms beneath thy fond glances,
And turns as a flower to the sun.

Oh, sad have I been since we parted,
Far sadder than ever before ;
For didst thou not tell me, mine own love,
Thy face I must never see more.

'Tis true that thy words rashly spoken,
Could never be binding to thee ;
I know that my love is the magnet
That brings back my dearest to me.

Yet, still, in this wide world of sorrow
Far parted we ever must be ;
But trust in the blessed to-morrow,
Beloved, to be ever with thee.

SONG.

Oh, cruel fate ! oh, cruel fate !
That bore my Henry far from me,
That left me here to watch and wait,
While he sailed on the stormy sea.

Oh, cruel sea ! oh, treach'rous sea !
Where hast thou borne him from my sight ?
Why parted far my love and me,
And left my days an endless night ?

I cannot weep ! I cannot pray !
My heart is cold, my senses dead ;
Lost with my love, who far away
Lies lowly in his ocean bed.

VALENTINE.

Oh, would that I could gaze once more
Upon that form divine !
Once more enfold thee in mine arms,
And press those lips to mine.

Those dewy lips, that mine have sipped
As sips the bee the flower ;
Ye powers, what bliss ! where man can live
A lifetime in an hour.

VALENTINE.

A YEAR has passed, and yet I vainly strive
To quell the fond impression thou hast made ;
Past thoughts and feelings rise, and keep alive
The mem'ry of that evening ; I have prayed
That I once more thy perfect face could see,
Could hear thy voice's sweetest melody.

Could look into thine eyes, and feel the spell
Those matchless orbs have woven round my heart
My love for thee 'tis vain for me to tell ;
All words would fail its rapture to impart :
I bow in lowly homage at thy shrine ;
Thou art my love, " my life, my all that's mine ! "

Oh leave me not to sorrow and to tears !
But let thy presence bless the passing hours ;
Be thou my solace in the coming years,
And let my path be strewn with love's sweet flowers ;
Oh come to me ! and let my home be thine ;
So shalt thou bless thine own true Valentine.

THE STUDENT'S WELCOME HOME.

WELCOME home ! welcome home !
Joyful this our meeting—
Though the hours be fleeting ;
Take our warmest greeting ;
Welcome—welcome home !

Welcome home ! welcome home !
After toil and trial ;
Noble self denial ;
Conquering every trial ;
Welcome—welcome home.

Welcome home ! welcome home !
To the hearts that love thee ;
Hearts that long have proved thee ;
Heaven smiles above thee :
Welcome—welcome home !

VALENTINE.

Oh ask me not to cease my pleading,
'T were language used in vain ;
My love ! my sweet ! 'tis thee I'm needing ;
Oh let me plead again !

Oh could I once thy heart awaken
To one fond thought of me,
I care not, though by all forsaken,
Would'st thou but smile on me !

SONG.

COME to me, darling !
Let me not plead in vain !
Come ere the daylight wane !
Come to me, love !

Come to me, darling !
Come in the soft twilight !
Come in thy beauty bright !
Come to me, love !

Come to me, darling !
Come in my love secure !
Come to me evermore !
Come to me, love !

VALENTINE.

I HAVE seen thee! need I say
Thou hast stolen my heart away?
Thou hast witched me with thy wiles;
Dainty ways and winning smiles.
Oh take pity on the wight
'Wildered by thy beauty bright;
May the winged God above
Teach thee, sweetest, how to love;
Breathe into thy soul divine
Spirit of St. Valentine.

VALENTINE.

OH that kiss! that honey'd kiss!
Can I e'er forget its bliss?
Can a yet more precious sip
E'er efface it from my lip;
Can the ecstasy that swept
O'er my being, as I kept
My lips pressed thus close to thine,
E'er depart, my Valentine?

Not while earth contains a bower
Meet for thee—my choicest flower;
Not while moon and star doth shine
Can I lose that thrill divine;
Not while angel choirs above
Teach the raptured soul to love,
Can I cease to long and pine
For another—V-'ntine.

VALENTINE.

FAIR youth ! thy courtly mien and gracious smile
Have on my heart a deep impression made ;
Yea, more than all the lovers I have had
Within the circle of the last decade.

And will thy lofty genius condescend
To smile upon a maid of modest worth ;
One love beam from those tender eyes of thine
For her will gladden all the face of earth.

It matters not though Sol may cease to shine,
And moon and stars to shed their lesser ray ;
While I have thee, no darkness can be mine ;
Thou art the sun that lights my perfect day !

TO CAROLINE.

OH, dear one mine ! oh, dear one mine !
With eyes of light, and form divine ;
My heart's affections round thee twine ;
For thee I daily, hourly pine.
More gifted than the sacred Nine,
Thy converse tendeth to refine.
Thou dost all modest charms combine
That make a lovely woman shine.
Yea ! verily ! I do opine
No words my feelings will define.

While here in solitude I dine
On sirloins rare of fatted kine ;
On game, and pie, and flesh of swine :
I often wish thy figure fine,
Thy lovely form and only thine,
Sat at my board and drank my wine :
The finest extract of the vine.

My fairest ! sweetest Caroline !
At ills of life I'll ne'er repine,
If thou wilt show by some sweet sign
That thou wilt to my wish incline.
If thou wilt write a single line
In token thou wilt not decline ;
Our trip shall be to Palestine ;
And on the way we'll view the Rhine,
My sweetest love ! my Valentine.

TO PYRAMUS.

My Pyramus !—my Pyramus !
What bird is like to thee ?
The sweetest warbler in the grove
Ne'er sang so merrily.

In ever varying little trills,
Or highest flight of song ;
Echoes thy liquid melody
My blooming flowers among.

No prima-donna e'er displayed
Such richness, power and skill ;
Soprano or contralto thou ;
E'en at thine own sweet will.

While all unconscious of thy charms,
 And my adoring gaze,
 Thy voice of wondrous melody
 Rings in thy Maker's praise.

To Him who made thee as thou art,
 And lent thee from above
 Thy glorious voice, thou perfect thing !
 My fragile little Love.

VALENTINE.

THOU art my dream of beauty !
 My bright ! my perfect Love !
 As flowers open to the sun,
 So I, my bright, my peerless one,
 Expand beneath thy glance.
 As Sol looks from above,
 So do thine eyes bright radiance beam
 On me, in waking thought or dream,
 Throughout the years expanse.

No other love hath held me
 Enchainéd like to thee ;
 Thy smile enchanteth with its grace ;
 It's changing beauty gives thy face
 A wild attractiveness ;
 A perfect witchery ;
 That weaves a spell o'er all who come
 Within the precincts of that home,
 That thou wert made to bless,

Oh, proud and matchless maiden !
My rapture ! my delight !
Still deign to smile upon my love,
Or my bright days will early prove
Through blighted love's despair,
A black and endless night ;
Where I a shadowy ghost will move
With thee, where ever thou dost rove,
A viewless thing of air.

VALENTINE.

THOU noble scion of a noble race,
Branch of the far-famed Æsculapius,
Lend thy attentive ear unto the tale
That love doth breathe to thee. Hark ! dost thou hear
The flutter of his wings, which even now
Are pulsing in the air thou dost inhale,
Making this day, a day of days for thee,
And all who feel the enraptured sense
Of his most gracious presence.

Hear thou him.

While he doth speak to thee, of one, a maid,
Who hath bestowed her heart's best love on thee.
To her thou art of all mankind the one
Most perfect, most adorable, and meet
As her companion loved to rove with her
Through life o'er this most bright and beauteous world.

List to the voice of love ;
Let not this maiden pine ;
Be through the years to her
A faithful Valentine.

Thou mayst know her by her laughing eyes,
And by her teeth of pearl;
The rose's blush upon her cheek,
Her bright and witching smile;
Her brow that never knew a frown,
By purity impressed,
The dimples round her mouth that mark
The spot the angels kissed.

And, far above all other beauties, shines
That pearl of price; that all true maidenhood
Wears in her mien and speech; that modesty,
That is her crown of glory, and her praise.
Look for these signs, fair youth, and thou wilt see
The one Parnassus' gods ordained for thee.

Yours very truly,

ST. VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

OFF-SPRING of Draco! Noble youth and true!
Take my advice, *'tis gratis*, else thoult rue
The day thou didst refuse to heed my line;
I am the spirit of St. Valentine!

I have presided often o'er this day
In Clinton, as in places far away;
To waste not precious time or length of words,
I love humanity as well as birds.

Thou art, as I opine, somewhat belated,
And I would wish to see thee early mated
To one, a maiden fair, of matchless grace,
Lovely her form, angelic her pure face.

- I know no other man whom I would dower
With aught so precious as this priceless flower ;
No more, content am I, loves seed is sown ;
She lives to dream of thee, and thee alone.

VALENTINE : TO———.

THOU say'st thou art a bachelor !
Oh, why remain forlorn ?
When maidens fair bloom everywhere ;
Oh, why all lonely mourn ?

Dost thou not need a helpmeet sweet,
To share thy joys and sorrows ;
To make thy life a glittering chain
Of endless bright to-morrows.

If there's a gift bestowed on man
That doth a blessing prove
More precious far than lands or gold,
'Tis woman's matchless love ;

The year's begun, wherein thou said'st
Thy feet would tread this shore.
And visit scenes of bygone days
That mem'ry lingers o'er.

Oh, hasten then the blissful day,
And glad this heart o' mine,
And we'll tak' anither waltz around
"For Auld Lang Syne."

VALENTINE.

HEART'S delight ! why hast thou left me
All these months so lone and sad ?
Not a word to prove thee faithful ;
Not a line to make me glad.

Hath thy tongue forgot the language
Erst so eloquent to woo ?
Have thy long protracted travels
Made thee utterly too too ?

Hast thou come back to thy country
With that elegant aw—— aw——
So sweet to poor Canadians
Who Britain never saw ?

Oh I fear that thou hast risen far
Above Love's holy spell ;
Away my dream of heaven fraught bliss !
My Valentine—farewell,



VALENTINE.

My heart is sad, beloved ! sad and lonely ;
I think of thee, beloved ! of thee only ;
Oh wherefore dost thou prove
So cold to her, whom love
Doth make the charm of her existence ?
Oh wherefore such resistance
To spells so softly wove ?
Why yield thee not thy love
To one who lives but in thy presence ?
Whose joy attains to effervescence
When gladdened by thy smile,
Thy every 'wilderer wile,
That is of love the compound essence.

VALENTINE.

I MET thee once ; that soft blue eye
With tender glance looked into mine ;
Thy voice was as a gentle sigh ;
Thy hand clasp as the clinging vine.

We met again ; how sweet the spell
That held my raptured soul in thrall ;
Ah then I knew I loved thee well !
That thou to me wert all in all.

And should I meet thee yet again,
I'd try some charm thy heart to move ;
It cannot be the hope is vain
That whispers—I may win thy love.

Part the Sixth.



SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
SYDNEY HARMAN MOUNTCASTLE,
(Born Jan 12th, 1803.—Died Jan. 18th, 1877.)

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace."
—PSALMS XXXVII., V. 37.



SWEETLY he sleeps—our dead ;
The grasses gently wave
Above the lowly grave,
Where rests his honoured head
Hoary with length of days
No sculptured marble stands—
Here with out-stretching hands ;
No verses sing his praise ;
And from the hand of fame,
Nothing the eye can trace
To mark his resting place,
Save his all honoured name—
Spotlessly borne through life,
Telling of noble soul,
Nearing the heavenly goal :
Tired of the weary strife.
Here foot of friendship nears ;
Here in the moon's pale glow,
Here founts of love o'erflow—
Tribute to him these tears.
Here from the dome above,
Where falls the sun's bright ray,
Here we may fondly say—
God looketh down in love.

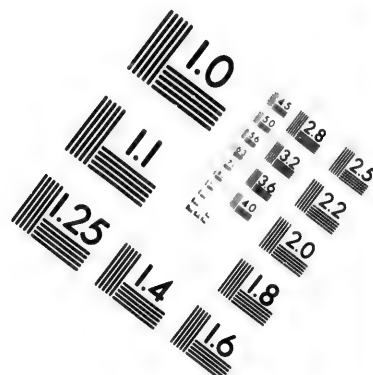
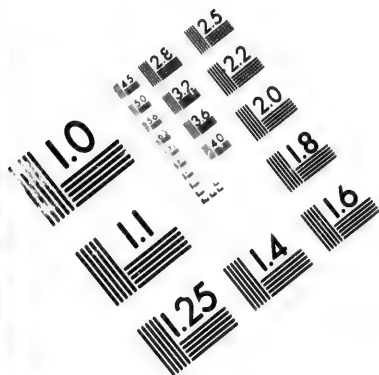
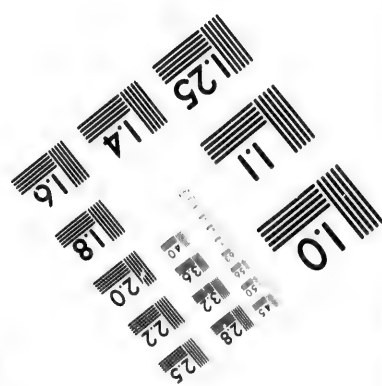
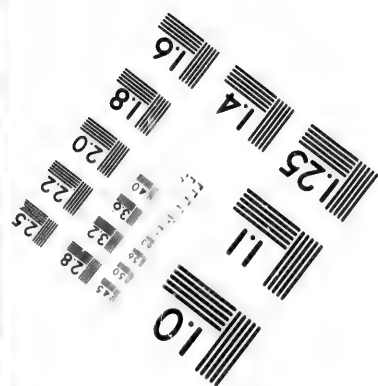
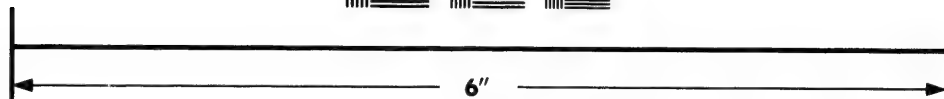
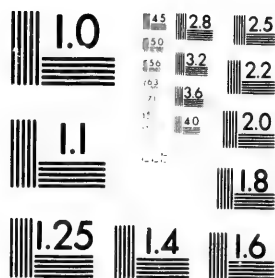
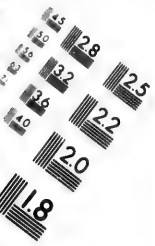


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THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

To-MORROW we part, my darling !
My Wynne, my treasured son !
Image dear of thy father—
My bright, my only one.

Out in the world's arena
Thine untried feet must stray ;
Gird thee well for the battle,
And watch, and wait, and pray.

Many and sore temptations
Oft will thy path beset ;
'Midst the world's fleeting pleasures,
Never my boy forget—

Sin is a slime, that slowly
Coils round the heart once pure ;
Clinging closest to mortals
Learnèd in worldly lore.

Leprous husk that encloses
Many a senseless clod ;
Faces that lose forever
The likeness of their God.

Let not this noisome plague spot
As raiment cling to thee ;
Cast off its first advances ;
Pray that thou may'st be free.

Prayer is the Christian's helmet,
Lance, and breast-plate, and shield,
The strongest weapon in battle
That victory's arm can wield,

Satan with snares will hover
 Ever around thy way;
 As thou would'st shun the Evil,
 Never forget to pray.

Prayer will stay thee when falling;
 Guide thy footsteps aright;
 Turn to the Love in heaven;
 Look, and thou shalt have light.

Prayer will comfort in sorrow,
 When falls the chastening rod;
 Keep thee more pure, more lowly,
 And bring thee nearer thy God.

List to me, Wynne, my darling!
 When thou art far away—
 List to my voice when pleading—
 Never forget to pray.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—MATTHEW V., 8th verse.

LINES TO ———.

BELOVED wanderer! on life's way,
 Where'er thy lot may be,
 There is one soul akin to thine,
 One heart that feels for thee.

One mind that thrills with deadly fear,
 Lest thy worn feet should stray
 In paths where Satan's tempters lead,
 Nor keep the narrow way.

The jewelled chain that friendship wove
Between that soul and thine ;
Let no harsh strain oppress its links,
No godless hands untwine.

Full strangely forged, all outward force
Doth added strength impart ;
The cankering rust that breaks that chain
Must form within thy heart.

Watch ! and its links shall stronger bind,
Thine outward breast works guard ;
And o'er thy heart's pure citadel
Keep double watch and ward.

LINES TO——.

THE path thy steps have chosen
How slippery 'tis to tread !
How many fall upon the way !
How cumbered 'tis with noisome clay !
And must thou tread it day by day,
To win thy "daily bread" ?

Bethink thee ! art thou stronger
Than others in the strife ?
Canst pass unstained amidst the throng
That tread Temptation's path along ?
Canst thou still keep midst vice and wrong
Thy purity of life ?

The atmosphere defileth
 Where impure manhood dwells ;
 The mocking jest once heard with pain,
 May yet an eager list'ner gain.
 The face once pure, yet wear the stain
 Its tale of ruin tells.

Yet could'st thou tread this pathway
 With feet for danger shod ;
 The Christian's mantle shielding thee ;
 By ! prayer from stain of sin kept free ;
 An aid to weak humanity,
 A glory to thy God.

Oh, how the true heart swelleth
 At thought of story told
 Of one, who trod this pathway o'er
 Untainted by its worldly lore ;
 His footprints speaking ever more
 The Christian tale of old.

LINES TO ———.

SHOULD thorns thy pathway strew,
 And griefs and cares abound ;
 Look up for strength to Him
 Where strength alone is found.

Should all thy hopes but end
 In sorrow, shame, or loss ;
 Oh, rest thy faith on Him
 And bravely bear thy cross.

If friendship be bestowed ;
 With love thy cup run o'er ;
 Oh, give thy thanks to Him !
 His holy name adore.

If hard the weary strife
 Be thine the vict'ry won ;
 Look up in faith and say
 " God's holy will be done."

TO HOPE.

OH, thou so bright ! so beautiful ! whose ray
 Guideth my soul o'er life's uncertain sea,
 Where billows foam and hidden rocks abound.
 Or beameth on my way when life is fair,
 Lighting me on to some far distant goal ;
 Some spot that wild ambition vain would win ;
 Or heart I would desire to make mine own.
 Oh, brightness of my life ! be with me now !
 When most I need thy cheering, beaming smile
 To light me in the path where duty leads :
 That path oft strewed with thorns : ah, me ! I feel
 Without thee, life were drear and desolate.
 Though waves rise high and clouds bedim thy light ;
 Yet still to thee I turn, to thee I cling,
 With clasp that naught of earth hath power to loose.
 Though deep affliction mark the way I tread ;
 Though fierce Despair with maddening grasp assail ;
 Still on thy beam I fix my yearning sight ;
 Friend of my brightest days ! my darkest hours !
 Whose smile can turn the darkness into light.

SUSPICION.

ACCURSED thing! Thou steal'st into the mind
That else were pure; leaving a noisome trail
To mark thy loathsome touch. To lowest depths
Of degradation does thou bring the mind
That entertaineth thee. Do'st choke with weeds
The blooming flowers of Faith, and Hope, and Love;
And trail thy filth o' heaven-born Charity.
Hate—thou art revolting!
Envy—thou art base, degrading!
But foul art thou, Suspicion!
There is no peace, no rest for thy victims.

ON GIVING.

Out in the world cold and dreary,
Where sickness and suffering are rife,
Give to the weak and the weary
A helping hand onward through life.

Rough is life's pathway, and many
Will tread it with trembling feet;
Give to the one that's ill-treated
A kind word whenever you meet.

Give to the sick and the needy
"A mite," though thou'rt ever so poor;
Give to the cold and the hungry,
And God will replenish thy store.

Give bread to the struggling genius ;
Yes, feed him on Hope's brightest ray ;
Give to the one that's desponding
A smile, and 'twill brighten his way.

Give to the children caresses,
So keeping their love ever warm ;
Long will't remain in their mem'ry,
And thus shalt thou shield them from harm.

Give to the lost and forsaken ;
Give hope, that their souls may have bread ;
Give the heart-hungry affection,
And thus shall thine own heart be fed.

Tenderly lift up the fallen ;
From evil their ways thou may'st win ;
Give to the drunkard thy pity ;
For nothing can cover his sin.

Give with thy heart in the giving ;
So, blessing, and thou shalt be blest.
Give to the Saviour allegiance,
And thus shall thy soul find its rest.

"Fight the good fight !" win the battle,
And then shalt thou cease from the strife ;
Give to thy Father in heaven
Thy thanks for the blessing of life.

A RETROSPECTION.

In the long past days of my childhood
I sat at a cottage door ;
And saw with a childish rapture
The sunlight glint on the floor ;

And over the hills and the meadows,
And fretted through beech-wood grove,
Where thrushes and robins were singing
Their wonderful tales of love.

I remember my mother told me
Who made the beautiful earth ;
And how He loved little children,
And gave them another birth
In the deep blue heaven above me,
Where angels with snow-white wing
Would be my companions forever,
Where cherub and seraph sing.

And I watched the cumulus cloudlets
Piled and like mountains riven,
And much I marvelled if that was the road
That people walked up to heaven.
The ascent for a space seemed easy,
And then came a step so high
I never could hope to climb up it,
Without I had wings to fly.

And I thought at this place the Saviour
Would stretch out his hand to aid ;
Then in perfect faith would I clasp it,
And be not at all afraid.
Oh most beautiful faith of childhood !
More wonderful love of God !
That lifts all the repentant sinners
From the slough their steps have trod ;

And makes them a home in His heaven,
And calms all their griefs and fears ;
Where he takes them into His bosom
And wipes from their eyes the tears.

No heart to humanity given,
 Can beat like those hearts above ;
 Who know all the glory of heaven,
 And rest in the Father's love.

There is no more sorrow or sighing,
 Nor ever a weary moan ;
 He keepeth them all as his treasures,
 He loveth them as His own.
 How I would that all men and women
 Could be by that love beguiled
 To walk through life believing in God
 With the faith of a little child.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

HENRY WILLIAM COLE, M. D.

Born June 9th, 1817—Died August 5th, 1875.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—MATT. xxv. 40.

FRIEND of the poor ! What reverence bows the head
 Of those, who o't did need thy timely aid,
 When musing o'er the spot where thou art laid ;
 What vain regrets for thee too early dead :

For thee the friend—the comforter of those
 Whom sorest human ills did oft oppress,
 And want, and poverty, and deep distress ;
 For thou didst heal their wounds and soothe their woes.

Oh, cruel Death ! that did'st thy steps o'ertake,
 Nor spared the suff'ring poor their earthly friend
 Whose due he trusted father Time to send,
 Or oft forgave the debt for mercy's sake.

Oh, noble heart ! oh, generous, open hand !
 Long must we mourn the blight that laid thee low ;
 Gone from our midst of suffering and woe,
 Lured by the angels to a better land.

Yet though our hearts with sorest grief be riven,
 We may not wish thee back on earth again,
 Such wish for thee were soulless, selfish, vain ;
 For well we know thy treasure was in heaven.

"THE STILL SMALL VOICE."

HARK ! Dost thou hear a voice within,
 An earnest pleading tone ;
 That comes to thee in saddened hours,
 In moments dark and lone ?
 Awake ! nor let the spirit flee ;
 'Tis conscience' voice that speaks to thee !

SLEEPING.

AWAKEN thou that sleepest !
 And listen to the sound ;
 The stifled sound of conscience' tone ;
 That in thy inmost heart makes moan ;
 With many a sigh and weary groan ;
 Within its narrowed bound.

Awaken thou that sleepest !
 Dost think thou'rt free from sin ?
 Where are the works thy faith that prove ?
 Where are thy deeds of tender love ?
 How canst thou meet the Eye above ?
 Dost think thou'lt enter in ?

Awaken thou that sleepest !
 Awake ! and look within.
 Dost find the fruits of love divine ?
 Joy and long suff'ring are they thine ?
 Does peace dwell in that hidden mine,
 Or is't the home of sin ?

Awaken thou that sleepest !
 And look beside thy hearth ;
 Dost hear the weary when they call ?
 Do gentle words thy lips let fall ?
 Dost breathe of heaven, a hallowed hall
 Of joy and holy mirth ?

Awaken thou that sleepest !
 Awake and make amend ;
 Where is thy light ? we see it not !
 Oh ! barren ! wasted ! dreary lot !
 That showeth not one brilliant spot
 Of light to guide a friend.

Awaken thou that sleepest !
 Come forth and show thy light ;
 Come forth and wage thy war with sin !
 Come rout the fiends that lurk within !
 By prayer may every mortal win
 A victory in the fight.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.—MATTHEW v. 16.

THE AWAKENING.

DARK ! oh so dark ! no ray from out the skies ;
 Dark ! as the darkness in my soul that lies !
 Oh, could one ray of light to me be given
 To guide my wandering footsteps nearer heaven !

Once I was pure, and innocent, and free
 From sin's polluting touch ; its infamy.
 Oh days of youth ! for thee my soul dot'd a yearn ;
 Oh halcyon days that never can return ;
 When pure of heart from sin, my conscience free,
 With longing eyes my soul looks back to thee ;
 A brilliant spot on fast receding shore,
 Beyond my reach—my hope—for ever more,
 I stretch my hands ; alas, alas, in vain !
 No power can give thee back to me again ;
 From where I stand to view thy beauties sheen,
 A black abyss of sin lies in between
 Ingulfing every noble thought and pure,
 Closing the way of peace for evermore.

Oh wherefore ! didst thou wander, soul of mine !
 Through darkened realms where shines no light divine ?
 Lit by the fierce unholy fires of sin ;
 Defaced without, corrupt and foul within.
 Shrouded in darkest night I stand alone,
 Save for the fiend that tempts and lures me on :
 Holds forth in brilliant beauty, bright arrayed,
 The deadly sin, for which my feet have strayed
 Far from the paths my early footsteps trod
 That marked the way to purity and God.

Off, Satan ! off ! begone and set me free !
 Yet sin—my sin—how can I part with thee ?
 Cherished for years within this breast of mine ;
 For thee ! I lost what was a love divine ;
 For thee ! to endless darkness—no ! ah no !
 Back, Satan !—back !—I will no further go.

Awake, oh soul ! and listen to the call
 Of conscience sounding in thy darkened hall.
 E'en now a star shines feebly on my way ;

Yes, there is light ! could I but kneel and pray !
Father, in mercy, hear my suppliant cry !
List while a tortured sinful soul draws nigh.

The voice of prayer is never heard in vain—
Back, Satan ! back ! I break thy cursed chain.
Hear me, oh Saviour, gentle, pitying mild !
Hear me, oh Father ! hear thy suff'ring child !
Grant me in mercy yet another ray !
Bid the " Arch Tempter " to release his pray !
In my worn soul this strife and tumult cease ;
Lead me in paths of purity and peace.
Brighter, and brighter still, the star doth shine,
Hear me, oh God ! and make me wholly thine.

Sound, from the heavenly throne the stillness breaks,
Burst from its bonds the fettered soul awakes,
Higher and higher through the vaulted skies,
Pours forth the song of praise that never dies.

" Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE xv. 10.

HYMN I.

God bless our Canada !
Glorious Canada,
Land of our birth !
Proud let our nation be,
Blessed in its liberty ;
In praise we sing of thee,
Gem of the earth !

Land rich in stream and lake ;
Land of wild bush and brake ;
Meadow and grove.
May God rich blessings pour,
On thee from shore to shore ;
Thou whom our hearts adore ;
Land of our love !

May thy sons honoured be,
Far over land and sea,
Where e'er they roam.
Tell by their bearing high ;
Their tone of chivalry ;
Their love of purity ;
Thou art their home !

HYMN II.

I AM weary, Father ! weary ! ever wand'ring far from
Thee ;
I am weary ! oh, so weary ! of this struggle to be free
From the trials and temptations of this world of sin and
pain ;
Take me back into the sunshine of Thy presence once
again.

Take me back into Thy loving care and never let me
stray ;
Guard me, oh, my Father ! guard me well, through life's
long, dreary way.
Keep me working in Thy vineyard, keep me striving for
the right ;
Let me not be lost forever more in death's dark, endless
night.

I am weary, Father! weary! ever wand'ring far from
Thee;
Blackest night is gath'ring round me, and Thy face I
cannot see.
I have sinned and I have suffered—let it not be all in
vain;
Take me back into the sunshine of Thy presence once
again.

HYMN III.

I HAVE wandered oh Lord! far away from Thy love:
Far away from the brightness of heaven above;
In the path of temptation my footsteps have trod;
I have sinned, and come short of Thy glory, oh God!

Now the darkness of night is encompassing me;
In the depth of my anguish I come back to Thee,
Low I bow down beneath Thy all-chastening rod,
I have sinned and come short of Thy glory, oh God!



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